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Frederick P. 215



H. Wray, Lit.

THE DEATH OF CATO.

The Parlour Window;

OR,

ANECDOTES,

ORIGINAL REMARKS ON BOOKS,

ETC.

BY THE REV. EDWARD MANGIN,

AUTHOR OF "PLEASURES ARISING FROM A LOVE OF BOOKS."

"A TESSELATED PAVEMENT WITHOUT CEMENT; HERE A BIT OF BLACK
STONE, AND THERE A BIT OF WHITE."

Burke's Character of Lord Chatham.

LONDON:

EDWARD LUMLEY, 56, CHANCERY LANE.

MDCCCXLI.

1841



LONDON:
WILLIAM STEVENS, PRINTER, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE, for want of a more suitable title, called my volume the PARLOUR WINDOW; meaning, I believe, a book to be taken up by any one who, for a quarter of an hour now and then, has nothing better to read or to do, during such fractions of time as are at our disposal while waiting for breakfast or dinner, or until the rain shall be over, or until husbands shall have finished writing letters, or wives and daughters have put on their shawls, &c.

But parlour windows no longer have permanent seats; and if they had, no modern would sit on them. There are, however, in all drawing-rooms, large round tables of mahogany, or tulip-wood, on which books are usually flung; while a desultory air is given to the display, to signify that the books are not books of study, and that they may be thrown down, just after they have

been taken up, without any affront to the fame of their authors, or any loss to the reader.

On some such table, be it the lot of my humble miscellany to repose, in the aristocratic society of Albums, Annuals, Books of Beauty, and so forth!

The nature of my publication may be announced in a few simple words. The articles which compose it, have been arranged as they came to hand, without regard to connexion, or dates; and consist of notes made on various occasions, for a succession of years.

Where almost every thing is trifling, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the notices which occur of short passages in the works of some authors of little notoriety, refer chiefly to minute deviations from the established laws of grammatical construction, &c., and are, with great diffidence, offered by way of general lessons, to the inexperienced in the art of English composition.

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THE
PARLOUR WINDOW.

BECCARIA.

THE Rev. I. V., who had formerly been in the army, informed me, that when young, and quartered with his regiment at Gibraltar, he had obtained leave of absence, and travelled into Spain, and elsewhere; and that in the South of France, during his wanderings, he lighted on a little deformed man, of the name of Joveau, who undertook to teach him Italian. It happened that Joveau called upon Mr. V., and saw on his table a copy of a book, well known as "the Marquess Beccaria's Essay on Crimes and Punishments;" when he observed, that there was no such author as Beccaria; but that he himself wrote the work, and in the titlepage assigned it to the Marquess. He also stated that he had been travelling companion and secretary to the celebrated Montesquieu, who would not allow him, he said, to attend him into England, because the people there were sarcastic, and would say that Mons. M. performed his journeys with a *baboon* for his comrade.

GOLDSMITH.

I was well acquainted with a Mr. Carroll, who was bred to the bar; and one day, in conversation, he told me the following fact. He, and some other young Irishmen, having assembled in a room at C.'s lodgings in the Temple, amused themselves by quoting, with enthusiastic admiration, various passages from a newly published poem, "The Deserted Village;" (published in 1770;) when a stranger entered, and, in a strong Irish accent, introduced himself as a fellow-countryman, desirous of their encouragement in a forthcoming work of his, then in the press. This they vociferously promised him; and afterwards tried to put his pretensions to the test; asking him, among other questions, as they repeated portions of the fine poem which had enraptured them, when he would be able to write verses like those? He smiled, and replied that he believed he could already do so, for that he was the author of the lines they were pleased to applaud. And thus the parties became acquainted with the eccentric and gifted Oliver Goldsmith.

BISHOP PERCY,

AND HIS CELEBRATED SONG "O, NANCY," ETC.

This really fine copy of verses has long been, and is incessantly printed and published as a *Scotch* song; and made to begin with the words "*O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.*" This incomparable absurdity

is the doing of some sage member of that very enlightened body known as the Musical World. But they must be most heedless readers, or amazingly stupid persons, who can, for a moment, imagine this refined and purely *English* poem to relate, in any one circumstance, to Scotland, or to a female *Scottish peasant*, partly implied by the dairy-maid name, Nanny. The lines are avowedly addressed by Doctor Percy, an Englishman, to an English lady, to whom he was afterwards married. Whether or not the Bishop's wife was a person of elevated rank originally, is a point of no consequence: indisputably the lady of the song *is* such. The song, so justly the theme of admiration, may be seen by others, as it was seen and approved of by Dodsley, (who probably had the copy by the permission of Percy himself,) in "Dodsley's Collection, London, 1766;" and there the first line stands—

"O Nancy, wilt thou go with me."

Unless the author of the verses had been a fool, he would not have defiled the opening stanza of a poem totally *English* elsewhere, with the silly *Scottish* vulgarity—"O Nanny—wult thou gong wi' me."

WALPOLIANA.

This is the title of a work published by Pinkerton, and, no doubt, a very amusing compilation; but it is probably, in many parts, unfaithful. There is in it,

one unpardonable instance of falsification on the part of the editor, who makes Horace Walpole say that he was a play-fellow of Lady M. Wortley Montagu, when both were children. Horace Walpole was born in 1718, the year in which Lady M. W. Montagu's daughter, and her *second child*, came into the world.

PRIOR'S LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Mr. Prior says, page 10, vol. i. London, 1837, "At Pallas, Oliver Goldsmith was born, November 10, 1728." The name of Goldsmith's birth-place should be written Pallis, not Pallas, as in Prior's book, and in the inscription in Westminster Abbey; a mistake in spelling which has caused a miserable play upon the word, by the translator of Johnson's Latin epitaph, who observes that the poet was born where Pallas had set her name. I have transcribed the word Pallis from a leaf of the family Bible confided to me, and from the hand-writing of Oliver Goldsmith's father.

Page 22 of vol. i. Mr. P. thus expresses himself: "writes Doctor Strean, Rector of Athlone, &c." The Reverend Annesley Strean, who died in 1837, at nearly ninety years of age, was never Rector of Athlone. He held the perpetual cure of St. Peter's, in that town. He was Doctor of Medicine, not D.D.

In a note to page 102, Mr. Prior says, "the Reverend Doctor Strean, in an 'Essay on Light Reading,' by the Reverend Edward Mangin; who has

furnished several suggestions likewise, to the writer, for which he is obliged." This is not very fairly stated by Mr. P., who having applied to Doctor Streaan for information respecting Goldsmith, the Doctor put into his hand a copy of the Essay, published in 1808, observing that it contained all he had to tell. The author of this life of the poet has employed much of what he found in the Essay, without having the courtesy to use marks of quotation.

DIBDIN'S BIBLIOGRAPHICAL TOUR.

In vol. ii. second edition, page 97, Doctor D. writes: "We have next a grand rencontre of the Knights attendant, carried on beneath a balcony of Ladies—

Whose bright eyes
Reign influence, and *decide* the prize."

The Doctor must have some very peculiar notion of English versification, and the meaning of English words! Milton, whom he imagines he quotes, writes

"Rain influence and judge the prize."

Page 127, vol. ii. Doctor D. says in a note, speaking of Lascaris Grammatica Græca, 1476, "to the best of my recollection and belief, the finest copy of this most estimable book, is that in the library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville."

P. Lockhart Gordon, in the second volume of his

Memoirs, gives an account of his having purchased at Ferrara, "a copy of Lascaris Gram. Græc. 1476, for thirty pounds; of a beauteous Greek type; and, though *not* the princeps, printed in the same year with it"!

Page 206, vol. ii. note. "For never did a kinder heart animate a well-stored head." It were greatly to be desired that Doctor D. would please to tell his reader the meaning of this sentence!

Page 249, vol. ii. note. "In the poetical epistle which concludes the preface, he tells us that he had almost observed the Horatian precept; his poem having cost eight years labour." Now, assuredly, the precept of Horace has in it nothing of the foregoing. The Roman poet, as every schoolboy knows, does not advise a writer to employ eight or nine years in the composition of any one work,—but, to lay aside what he may have written until the ninth year after he has finished the performance; and then, having examined it dispassionately, publish it or not, as he likes. He may *write* nine, or ninety, other works in the interim! The passage in the note referred to, is an amazing instance of ignorance or carelessness on the part of Doctor D., or of M. Lesne, whom he quotes.

Page 271, vol. ii. note. Doctor D. transcribes from M. Millin's description of a literary festival: "*Selon l'usage antique, les convives étoient plus que trois, et moins que neuf.*" It is to be hoped that Doctor Dibdin knew this to be a precious example of French prettiness and foolishness! The antique precept as to the guests, &c. at an entertainment,

was, that they should not be less in number than the Graces, nor more than the Muses.

Page 332, vol. ii. Speaking of Laugier the engraver, and his prints, the Doctor says, "Colour and feeling are their chief merit." But the Doctor should have explained, for the benefit of "country gentlemen," and persons not familiar with the cant of artists, that when engravings only are mentioned, *colour* signifies the fine effect produced by a soft and graceful union of lights and shades.

The Doctor is fond of what ordinary readers and writers call *hard* words. Page 137, vol. iii. "Only seven leaves, but pasted together; so that the work is an *opistographised* production." And in the same page he speaks of "a generally unknown *xylographic* performance." The meaning of these tremendous adjectives may be discovered by the aid of a Greek Lexicon, and found to imply—leaves written upon both sides—and a work printed on blocks of wood. On the whole, Doctor D. writes—at least carelessly. Page 393, vol. iii. "there *wants* only a few wiser heads." Page 443, "from which collection *has* been regularly published *those livraisons*," &c.

THE FABLE OF THE BEES.

Bernard Mandeville, the author of "The Fable of the Bees," &c. was born in Holland, towards the latter part of the reign of Charles II. He had a coarse taste, but prodigious force of mind; and

scorned affectation of all sorts. He used to say of Addison, whose refinement disgusted him, that he was a parson in a *tie-wig*. Addison was undoubtedly in all respects the very reverse of Mandeville: in his writings, all piety and sweetness and softness; in fact, to use the pet phrase of modern reviewers, a *twaddler*; and, if Lord Orford is to be believed, was not only habitually a tippler and a canter in his day of life, but talked sentiment, and religious sentiment too, under the influence of brandy, when dying!

Nothing, of its class, can be finer than Mandeville's sarcasm. He sometimes argues dishonestly, but oftener with unanswerable acuteness; and his sneer is like what we may suppose the sneer of Satan.

Page 189, vol. i. second edition, London, 1723.
—"for this reason, our English law, out of a most affectionate regard to the lives of the subjects, allows them (*surgeons*) not to be of any jury upon life and death; as supposing that their practice itself is sufficient to harden and extinguish in them that tenderness, without which no man is capable of setting a true value upon the lives of his fellow creatures." This is ridiculous: *surgeons* are excused from attending on juries, because their assistance may be required professionally, and that their time may not be taken up with other affairs.

As to the hard-heartedness of surgeons, I can aver, from my long acquaintance with many, that the charge against them is infinitely unjust. They are in general, probably, men of peculiar sensibility

where human sufferings are concerned; and it is but reasonable to conclude that this is the case; they, from science and reflection, best of all people, knowing what bodily pain is. Of course, an able operator does not allow his sensibility to appear, while employed in his important office, when tremors, exclamations of pity, &c. would be productive of additional misery to his patient. He is then, as I have many a time seen an eminent practitioner, cool, collected, decided; his eye firmly fixed, his lips compressed, his brow meditative; and his words, should he speak to give directions, few, and to the point. He is, in all he does, rapid indeed, but not hurried; aware that haste generates mistakes, and consequently increases torture.

One of the most thoroughly good-natured men I ever knew, a surgeon, who had been in the army, was proverbial for kindness of disposition, tranquillity of manner, and personal courage. He was seen by hundreds, quietly and scientifically employed in the field, dressing the wounded, in the presence of the enemy, and exposed to a fire of cannon and small arms.

I knew another, the surgeon of a line-of-battle ship, and who nearly fainted from the excess of his feelings, and with the fatigue he underwent on the dreadful day of Trafalgar. Of this man, and this bloody day, I have a story to tell, the truth of which he himself confirmed to me, as far as manly pride would let him. During the heat of conflict, a seaman

was brought to the doctor in the cockpit, to have his lower arm taken off. This was speedily done, and the man consigned by the doctor's order to his hammock. In a very short time after, on going along the gun-deck, he, to his amazement, saw his patient at his station, and roughly expostulated with him on his imprudence. The seaman's answer was worthy of a Briton: "If it had been a leg, you see, Doctor, I couldn't, but, as it is, I am able to stand by my gun; and you would not have me skulk, while others are exposed and doing their duty!" Nagle, the name of this gallant Irish doctor, when the action was (triumphantly) over, addressed the Admiral in command, stating the bold tar's name and noble conduct: adding that he hoped that the man would be placed on a high list of seamen pensioned off; but that if he were not so distinguished, he would himself retire from the navy, and forego his claims to remuneration for long services, sooner than know a brave man neglected. The seaman had, I think he said, two shillings and sixpence a day for life. These surgeons at least were not hard-hearted, or coarse-minded men.

Page 296, vol. i. "That a man with small skill in physic, and hardly any learning, should by vile acts get into practice," &c. This is meant by Mandeville as a portrait of the famous Doctor Radcliffe.

Page 353, vol. i. "Let us pitch upon a hundred poor men, the first we can light on, that are above forty, and were brought up to hard labour from their infancy; such as never went to school at all, and

always lived remote from knowledge, and great towns. Let us compare to these an equal number of very good scholars, that shall have had University education, and be, if you will, half of them divines," &c. So far Mandeville, who goes on to say that the best virtues, social and domestic, are to be found among the former; and scarcely any thing but vice in the ranks of the great, and the independent.

Probably no deliberate assertion, or even conjecture, was ever more erroneous than this: the reverse is more likely to be true. Indigence makes crime; and then, character, or repute, is of incalculably greater moment to the foremost and more conspicuous members of society, than it is to the humble and obscure.

Page 376, vol. i. "How whimsical is the florist in his choice! Sometimes the tulip, sometimes the auricula, and at other times the *coronation* shall engross his esteem." This is a strange blunder, if it be Mandeville's. He means *carnation*; a flower so called from the resemblance of its colour to that of healthy flesh.

In his second volume, Mandeville appears in a new, and in fact a much more brilliant light, than in the first part of "The Fable of the Bees." Still caustic and severe, and looking with rare acuteness into human nature, he is yet occasionally highly refined, and happy both in thought and expression. Nothing, for instance, can be more elegant than Horatio's account of the Opera, pages 14, 15. His

opinions are, however, sometimes extravagant. Page 347, he says, "the true and only mint of words and phrases is the Court; and the polite part of every nation are in possession of the *jus et norma loquendi*." This appears to me a great error in the author. In the case referred to, (the refinement of language,) the *Stage* would seem to be the governing power; because the play-wright and the actor are liable to immediate correction; not so the parliamentary Orator, the Preacher, or the Barrister.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

This is one of the most interesting and extraordinary little works ever published in England. It contains learning, wit, and eloquence, in superabundance; tinctured, nevertheless, with what may be termed the two-fold madness of the author. His juvenile eccentricity of character, supposing him serious in his narratives, evidently borders on insanity; and in his book, the fury of ebriety seems to pervade his style of expression and thinking. For passages of eloquent composition, the reader curious in matters of the kind is referred to pages 173-4, *et seq.*, of the first edition, London, 1822.

Whatever truth there may be in this autobiography of the opium-eater, there surely is great exaggeration in the author's description of some of the effects of the drug in question. I know nothing

of its influence from personal experience ; but have conversed with many who have used the medicine with advantage, under the direction of a physician. From one of these, who practised during several years in a large city, I got an amusing account of an opium-eating lady. It appears that she was a woman of some distinction, kept much company in the best circles of society, and was welcome wherever she went, for her vivacity of manner, her selection of cheerful topics, and the brilliancy of her language. At length she had occasion to consult the doctor, who inquired minutely into her habits, and prescribed accordingly ; saying that she must particularly shun the use of opiates. She then confessed that for a series of years she had never gone into company without first swallowing a small dose of opium ; that to this practice she was indebted for her reputation as a witty and agreeable companion ; and that if she must leave it off, she would at the same time withdraw into remote and rural seclusion, and settle as far as possible from all her former associates, and among strangers, who would feel no surprise at her silence and stupidity. She put her plan into execution in an old-fashioned village of North Devon, where she sojourned for the rest of her days, remarkable only for going regularly to the parish church, liberal alms-giving, and taciturnity.

I had a near relative who had lived long as a military man in the East Indies, and held an important command there during Lord Clive's celebrated cam-

paings in those regions. He was a man of talents, spoke and wrote with peculiar force, and often entertained me with vigorous and graphic delineations of the battles, sieges, and fatigues he had shared in. Once, on my asking if he had acquired a relish for the regular use of opium, so common among the inhabitants of a hot climate, he said he had not, and for that reason, when he did use it, enjoyed its effects the more highly. On one occasion, he said, he had particular reasons for recollecting the magical effects of the drug. He had, during the greater part of a burning day, been severely engaged in an action with the French and Indian forces, which ended in a total defeat of the enemy. Then, however, he found himself sinking under the united consequences of personal fatigue and mental exertion; having suffered the utmost agitation from the weight of responsibility which, as commanding officer, he had to sustain, and the alarms he naturally felt at the possibility of failure. Now—all was changed, and he might lie down to repose himself, with the consciousness of having done his duty successfully, and ensured the approbation of the commander-in-chief and of the army. He therefore, having first, at the suggestion of a regimental surgeon, swallowed a considerable quantity of opium, went to bed; and there, his sensations, as he described them, were unaccountably delightful. Every object of his fancy was, as it were, rose-coloured; while yet only half asleep, his reveries were visions of heaven; and that state

was succeeded by one of profound oblivion which lasted eight or nine hours, when he awoke refreshed, and restored to perfect health of body and soundness of mind.

Were opium as rarely used, and as judiciously applied, as in the above case, one half of the English opium-eater's clever volume might have been spared.

KILLING NO MURDER.

This renowned pamphlet, it would appear, was *not* written by Colonel Titus, as averred by Hume, and by almost every body else; but by Colonel Edward Sexby, who was committed to the Tower, July 24th, 1657, on a charge of high treason; and there, being taken ill, and, as it proved, on his death-bed, confessed to Mr. Carril, a minister, and others, that he wrote the book called "Killing no Murder;" and added, that he still held the opinions maintained in that work. — See *Mercurius Politicus*, 1658, No. 399.

There is somewhat of mystery connected with the statement I have made relative to this wondrous pamphlet, "Killing no Murder," whoever may have been its author. It did not, perhaps, kill Oliver Cromwell, as, in all probability, the writer hoped it would; but assuredly it served almost to deprive him of life, and entirely of his peace of mind, by the vexation it must have inflicted on him. The English language, old or modern, has few things so well

written to boast of; none forming such a total of unmitigated severity: it is, in fact, for its day, much more powerfully worked up than any of the far-famed letters of Junius.

While I write, a story is in circulation with respect to those papers called "the *Mercuries*;" viz. that many of the copies in the British Museum, long concluded to be original, are forgeries; and it is added, that in these falsifications the unfortunate Chatterton was concerned. This has at least the air of fiction; for it begs the question of Chatterton's being an adroit and practised fabricator of *antiques*. Whether he was such or not, I do not, nor never did, believe, any more than Dr. Johnson did, that the half-educated boy was the inventor of Rowley's poems; and that the *Mercuries* in the great national depository are not genuine, is more than improbable. That No. of the "*Mercurius Politicus*," from which I have taken my extract, and which belongs to myself, is, beyond a doubt, a hundred years older than the age of Chatterton.

PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP.

BY ROBERT MACNISH.

"The Philosophy of Sleep," third edition, Glasgow, 1836. This work has great merit. Its faults are, a servile reliance on the truth of a system, which is at least questionable—that of *phrenology*; precepts too loose and general as to the indulgence of sleep; and an exaggerated description of what Doctor Macnish

terms the disease of *night-mare*, which hardly deserves the name of distemper. Disease, or not, the author should have called this affection night-mere: the misnomer in his text is unworthy of a scholar. The phrase properly means mother, or hag, or bel-dame, and has nothing to do with the female of the horse species, as Fuseli has thought fit to paint it; and as thousands of persons, better educated than Fuseli, have supposed it should be. Doctor M.'s Essay on "the sleep of plants" is extremely beautiful.

Page 71. "Some authors imagine that we never dream of objects which we have not seen; but the absurdity of this notion is so glaring as to carry its own refutation along with it. I have a thousand times dreamed of such objects."

There is nothing absurd or untrue in the supposition of the authors arraigned by Doctor M. We can dream only of what we *have* seen. The *combination* of objects in a dream may be new, but the component parts must have been already presented to the senses of the dreamer.

Page 203. "Long continued study is highly prejudicial to repose: Boerhaave mentions that on one occasion, owing to this circumstance, he did not close his eyes for six weeks." This is but old-womanish and heedless writing where *fact* is concerned. Boerhaave probably lied in saying that he had not *slept* for six weeks: he certainly lied, if he said that he did not "close his eyes" during that space of time.

Page 205. "An easy mind, a good digestion, and

plenty of exercise in the open air, are the grand conduces to sound sleep ; and accordingly, every man whose repose is indifferent, should endeavour to make them his own as soon as possible."

All this is most abominably bad writing. The author seriously prescribes "an easy mind and good digestion," not only to promote sound sleep (which, no doubt, they do), but recommends every one to make these blessings his own !

An easy mind is the result of *previous* moral rectitude, over which a man cannot *afterwards* have any control ; and a "good digestion" depends quite as much on the native structure as on the management of the stomach : a man can no more make either for himself then he can cause himself to be young when he is seventy ! Moreover, the Doctor employs the word *indifferent* just as an old nurse would : "my poor Missus is but indifferent this morning."

Page 207. "The cause of this constitutional disposition to doze upon every occasion, seems to be a certain want of activity in the brain ; the result of which is, that the individual is singularly void of fire, energy, and passion. He is of a phlegmatic temperament, generally a great eater, and very destitute of imagination." This is all very poor ! Pope, who had the distemper of drowsiness, was not void of fire, energy, passion, or powers of imagination. Doctor Johnson says that the bard "one day dropped asleep at the dinner-table of Frederick, Prince of Wales, while His Royal Highness was talking of poetry."

Page 208. "Boerhaave speaks of an eccentric physician, who took it into his head that sleep was the natural state of man; and accordingly slept eighteen hours out of the twenty-four;—till he died of apoplexy—a disease which is always apt to be produced by excess of sleep." This whole passage is one of incredible absurdity, at least on the part of the renowned Boerhaave. As a man of common sense he might have known that a person *suffers* sleep, and cannot command that condition of body; he cannot even counteract the propensity to sleep. And as a medical man he should have remembered that a disposition to sleep unseasonably, is disease; and is not the cause, but the consequence, of organic derangement, and of a liability to apoplexy.

In his clever chapter on the sleep of plants, Doctor M. speaks of plants with *pinnated* leaves, and *ternate* leaves. He should have explained these *hard* words: that the first means feathered, or notched at the edges; the latter, leaves in three divisions.

There is much that is strange and inexplicable in the sleep of animals, of probably every class; certainly of man. When accompanied by dreaming, as in the human race it perpetually is, one might be tempted to say that it is invariably a state of mental insanity. We *see* in utter darkness, objects, which, if the images beheld were not forgeries of the fancy, would be invisible. We are perfectly satisfied with the existence and fitness of absolute impossibilities, the most trivial incompleteness in which formations

would shock us in our waking and sane moments. We brave imagined dangers, which we should shudder but to read of when awake ; and in dreams all reasonable caution seems to forsake us.

Nothing can be more naturally nor more forcibly conceived than the character of Lady Macbeth in her horrific sleep-walking scene. She not only revels in the sight and repulsive odour of the blood she has shed, but betrays aloud the hideous secret of her crime. They who are old enough to recollect the representation of this scene by Mrs. Siddons, in her meridian, will probably recall it above all the noble scenes of all she ever played. It had in it throughout, what stage and tragic representations very rarely have, the fearfulness of reality. Notwithstanding, however, her being unapproached in Lady Macbeth, I cannot help remembering her peculiar action when going to seize the taper, and that I thought at the time, and, since reading Doctor Macnish's Essay, I am still more decided in my opinion, that the great actress committed a fault as a somnambulist. She continued to glare with unearthly eyes on the house, or on vacancy, while she, as it were, felt for the lighted lamp. The sleep-walker, I apprehend, experiences no incertitude as to the exact place of the object supposed to be seen.

Somnambulism is anything rather than dreaming : in that state everything is real ; in a dream nothing. But in both cases, the person influenced is insane. If otherwise, the sleep-walker would avoid doing the

very acts which he does in sleep; nor would the dreamer reconcile himself to the most astonishing incompatibilities. An extravagant instance of the vagaries of the brain in dreams may be mentioned.

A sleeping person imagined that he lay dead on a couch within a closet; that it was requisite that he should walk past the place in which he was then lying a corpse; and that he did this with slow and stealthy steps, in order not to awake his deceased self!

ADDISON'S TRAVELS.*

Page 164. Some of the writer's remarks on the passage in the *Æneid*, book ix. line 715, (not 710, as quoted by Addison,) having undergone much opposition on account of the translation given of the epithet *alta*, I applied to two most distinguished scholars—the late highly learned Doctor Thomas Falconer, and another gentleman now living and well known in Bath—for their opinions, and had my own confirmed by the answers they gave; viz. that

“*Tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit,*”

must be interpreted, “Prochyta trembles to her *lowest* depths;” or “deepest foundations.” “I do not,” says Addison, “see why Virgil, in this noble comparison, has given the epithet *alta* to Prochyta; for it is not only no high island in itself, but is much lower than Ischia, &c.” He appears to have for-

* London, Tonson, &c. 1753.

gotten that *alta* means low down and deep, as well as lofty: "Manet *alta* mente repostum," &c. for instance.

As to General Ludlow's inscription over the door of his retreat at Vevay,

" OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA QUIA PATRIS,"

(see page 264 of the Travels) ; it has never, I imagine, been satisfactorily explained. Doctor Parr, to whom, at my request, it was submitted by his correspondent, Doctor Falconer, confessed that he could make nothing of it. Doctor Falconer conjectured that the expression, *quia patris*, the only difficulty, might refer to a term of endearment applied by Germans to their native country, which they tenderly call *Faderland* ; so Ludlow might mean that any soil would become, as it were, father-land to the exiled brave.

Addison says of the inscription in question, " the first part is a piece of a verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his (Ludlow's) own."

This is either disingenuous or absurd in Addison. If he understood the passage, (which he did not,) he should have translated it : if not, he had no right to stigmatize the two words as "cant" of Ludlow's. I have sometimes thought the meaning to be, *every land is the brave man's country, because every soil belongs equally to GOD, our common father*. 'The original board on which the inscription appears, was brought away from Switzerland ; and it is said, is now preserved by a descendant of General Ludlow's, at his seat in Wiltshire.

Page 118 of the *Travels*, Addison translates a passage from one of Martial's epigrams,

"Where silver lakes with *verdant shadows* crown'd ;"

but this is a slip. *Shades* was the word he wanted, and then his verse would have been lame ; so he chose the dissyllable *shadows*. He was probably led astray by Milton's "shadows brown," in the *Penseroso*, (which is wrong, though it be Milton's,) and ventured on *green shadows*. But although there may be *shades* of colour, which Locke admits, a *shadow* can be only blackness ; the result of light intercepted by an opaque body.

Page 196. "But the great magazine for all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber." This seems to have been an erroneous conjecture. A search in the profound mud of the Tiber, by a society of British residents, under the patronage and encouragement of the Duchess of Devonshire, in 1821, &c. was unproductive.

Addison has, on the whole, had an undue share of popular applause. In the "*Spectator*," the basis of his reputation, the best papers are not by him, though the most sentimental are, but by Sir Richard Steele, who planned that work. His prose style, excelled by several older writers,—Lord Bacon and James Howell, for example,—while admired for its ease by his friends, might have been impeached by his opponents for feebleness and prolixity. His renowned

tragedy, Cato, is, in fact, a very heavy performance ; perhaps not quite so faulty as Dennis, in his acrimony of criticism, would make it ; but still exceedingly declamatory, high-flown, unimpassioned and ridiculous in many of its scenes. Party-storms raged with violence when Cato appeared, and, for a time, the gales of faction kept the play afloat ; and the swing-swung enunciation and the pomposity of Booth, the actor, helped it on. Yet, now-a-days, one can hardly conceive anything more ludicrous than must have been the figure of the tragedian, groaning out the solemn *nothings* put into the mouth of Cato, and representing the antique Roman in the costume of one of *Louis le Grand's* master-cooks or tax-gatherers.

I have a print of him, in which he is portrayed dying in a carved French arm-chair ; surrounded by weeping *beaux* attired in Parisian perukes, skirt coats, and with high heels, but cross-gartered on the lower leg, to signify classical times ; and by *belles* in *Maintenon* head-dresses and hoops : he himself wearing square-toed shoes, little paste buckles, roll-up stockings, an embroidered vest with immeasurable pockets, a night-gown of flowered damask, and a huge toupee wig with flowing curls. And all this went down with our tasteful forefathers as the lively counterfeit of a scene in republican Rome !

The habiliments of the *dramatis personæ* in Cato, were, however, not more vicious than some of the poet's maxims. The following, for example, was, we

are informed, received with shouts of approval: it adorns the end of Act IV., and Cato himself delivers it:—

“ When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.”

Let any one fancy this profound axiom admitted as a rule of conduct, and then inquire what the result to the community would be. Every daring villain would tyrannize unopposed; and every honest and scrupulous individual be consigned to crawl and crouch amidst his own cabbages, pay his assessments, and return thanks to the gods for being graciously permitted to take the liberty of breathing the common air.

But the truth is, that Cato is little better than the production of any smart schoolboy of the fifth form.

As to Addison's business-talents, he had, in fact, none; he could not speak in public; neither, though a state secretary, could he write; but frittered away his time in a fastidious chase after neat and appropriate phraseology.

Of his moral deportment, it is not easy to set up a plausible defence. It may be traced by a reference to the work called “ Steele's Correspondence;” and in Johnson's “ Lives of the Poets,” where it will be found tainted with low amour, devotion to the bottle, a marriage for the sake of worldly advancement, and unseemly squabbles with his patrician wife. I fear-

lessly repeat, that Addison has had quite praise enough.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD.*

Page 7, note. "See a letter from R. J. Lloyd to Mr. Mangin." Mr. Lloyd's letter, published in "An Essay on Light Reading," is not to Mr. Mangin, but to the Reverend Annesley Streat.

Page 53, note. The author, quoting Best's Personal Recollections, makes Mr. Best say, "George Langton told me that he was present one day when Goldsmith, in a circle of good company, began with," &c. *George Langton* could not with truth have told this story, he being barely three years old in 1774, when Goldsmith died. It might have been repeated by George's father, Bennett Langton.

Page 58. "This story (of Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield) has been related with singular inaccuracy by Mrs. Piozzi, in her anecdotes of Johnson, and still more so by the Reverend Edmund Mangin, in his Essay on Light Reading." *Edward* (not Edmund) Mangin is not answerable for the inaccuracy of this anecdote; though Mr. Mitford is, for inaccurately reading the passage referred to in the "Essay," which is expressly stated to be transcribed from Cumberland's Memoirs.

* London, 1831.

Pages 24, 26, of Goldsmith's Works :—

“ And Niagāra stuns with thundering sound.”

Goldsmith most probably knew that the name of the torrent is usually pronounced Niagāra, but designedly chose the more harmonious accentuation.

“ Luke's iron crown, and Damlén's bed of steel.”

On this verse the editor has a note: “ This appears to be a mistake: Luke and George Zeck, brothers, were both engaged in a desperate rebellion in Hungary, in 1514, and *George* suffered the torture of the red-hot crown of iron,” &c. But both historical truth and the measure of the poet would be preserved by using the surname of the unhappy sufferer :

“ Zeck's iron crown,” &c.

Page 80, Works, note :

“ To slaughter I condemn.”

“ This imperfect rhyme is the only defect in this sweet and simple poem (the Hermit).” The rhyme is not imperfect: the letter *n* never is, and never could be, pronounced in the word *condemn*; and rhyme is a question of *sound*, not of orthography.

Page 86. Goldsmith's letter in the Daily Advertiser.

“ Lest it may be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others, an abuse of which I have been guilty of myself.” Most assuredly Goldsmith never wrote such a sentence as the foregoing; and

the editor, who has so printed the passage, might have known as much.

I have frequently suspected that Oliver Goldsmith has been grossly misunderstood and misrepresented by his numerous biographers. Those who knew him personally, and have published any recollections of him, did not, it is to be supposed, comprehend either his individual or national peculiarities. In all likelihood, he was constitutionally testy, capricious, and morbidly alive to ridicule; and through waywardness, and a secret wish to startle and irritate his associates, was constantly, as the phrase is, playing a part. The infantile simplicity of his manners—a characteristic of genius, invited the observation of the matter-of-fact men, the dull, and the worldlings around him; and his uncouth air, and Irish accent, prepared the company into which he entered for bulls and blunders of course. That which would not have been counted a solecism from the lips of Reynolds or Beauclerk, was laughed at and derided when uttered by Goldsmith. Is it to be believed, that he whom Johnson and Burke applauded for talents and variety of talents, beyond his contemporaries, and in circles where intellectual greatness abounded; that he who wrote the *History of Learning*, the *Animated Nature*, the *Essays*, the *Histories of Greece, of Rome*, and of *England*, the two brilliant and well-known *Comedies*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Hermit*, the *Traveller*, the *Deserted Village*, &c.—that he could have been a butt for the derision of creatures so

mean and common as Boswell, and Tom Davis ; that he could have been an empty, prating coxcomb, without the power of reasoning conclusively, or constructing intelligible sentences in a convivial party ?

About thirty years since, I knew an old literary man, a very keen observer too, who assured me that he had often been in company with Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, &c., and that Goldsmith used to have a crowd of listeners about his seat, and was a shrewd and eloquent converser.

BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD.

BY WM. HUTTON.*

This is rather a curious work, and sufficiently entertaining to admit of being read more than once. But the author falls in with the popular prejudice against King Richard III., without appearing to remember, that, as far as character is concerned, almost every thing in history is incomplete and erroneous ; and that the story of no individual of eminence abounds more in misrepresentation than that of Richard. To obtain any true idea of him, we must refer to actions neither disproved nor doubted ; and to such facts as are alleged without any obvious motive, respecting him.

The historians of Henry VII.'s day destroyed nearly all the records of Richard, in order to cultivate the good-will of their master ; and the more to flatter

* Second Edition, London, 1812.

the reigning sovereign, represented his opponent as crooked, wicked, tyrannical, &c. And Shakspeare, like a fawning poet, follows in the cry, that he might please that old, capricious, bloody, and gross-minded coquette, Queen Elizabeth; and indirectly compliment her father, Henry VIII., whose illegitimate daughter she was; and who was himself the most execrable scoundrel that ever sat upon a throne. *We know* their deeds! There cannot be a doubt that Richard was, in some points, basely calumniated.

The Countess of Desmond, who knew him in his youth, (for every thing in Horace Walpole's book is not romance,) says he was a handsome prince, and a graceful dancer: this, and his formidable prowess as a knight and a warrior, serve pretty well to adjust the fact as to his personal deformity. Popular he unquestionably was—for he found many thousands to fight, and many hundreds to die for him, including several members of the first families in the realm. Some of his laws are admirably good, and are still acted upon in the courts of justice. He encouraged the introduction of *printing*, and invented the useful and, to the revenue, the lucrative arrangement of transmitting letters by post.

He was distinguished as an able statesman; and for being what is much more a rarity, an accomplished orator. Besides, it should not be forgotten that his time for attainment and display was short, as he was slain when he had lived but thirty-four years, and reigned only two years and two months.

As to Richard's going crowned to the field of Bosworth, it is not to be supposed that he actually wore a silly toy like that of a King in a child's story-book, or like Charles II. in the oak-tree of Boscobel on the sign of a country ale-house! Probably, his martial helmet was surmounted by some ornament resembling a kingly diadem. See page 82 of Hutton's narrative.

Page 10. B. of Bosworth. "We know of but two lawful roads to a crown, the choice of the people, and an hereditary claim." Hutton might have surmised a *third* path to a throne; that pursued by Napoleon; who bribed and corrupted the soldiery of France, and with their assistance—but without being heir to it, and without the choice of the people—took possession of the Gallic sceptre; and this, though a manifest and impudent usurpation, was termed *lawful*, and admitted to be so, by a majority of the French population, and by several European powers.

Page 92. "'He is a traitor; and young Strange shall die;' and ordered Catesby to see it instantly done." See what done? This is as common an expression, as it is slovenly; just as a school-girl scribbles, "I wrote to you, my beloved Emily, but you did not get *it*." Old Hutton meant to say, "ordered young Strange to be put to death."

Page 197, note. "To appoint a band of determined men to lay by till they could see where the opposite commanders were."

Mr. Ashby, whom Hutton quotes, writes as all

vulgar English writers do. But, *lay* is not the verb to be used here. The proper usage is *lie*. A man may lay a wager, or may lay his head on his pillow; a hen lays an egg, &c.; but soldiers lie in ambush, a sleepy person lies down to rest; and a ship should be said to *lie* to, not *lay* to, as seafaring authors, and others who ought to know better, constantly write and print. A boy's Latin theme, in which *pono* and *jaceo* were confounded, would get the perpetrator of the fault into trouble.

Page 198, note. "As Voltaire remarks, every invader of England succeeds: luckily the last proved an exception to the rule. G. Ashby." Voltaire is nearly right: almost all invasions have succeeded; for example, the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans established their power in Britain. But if, by "the last," Mr. Ashby means that invasion which was said to have been projected by Buonaparte, it is not a case in point: he never did invade the country. Neither did the Spaniards in Elizabeth's time; for the ships of their renowned *Armada*, in 1588, were defeated, and dispersed by a tempest, before they reached the British shore.

Page 204. Hutton quotes an old manuscript in the British Museum: "Jhesu, that dyed on Good Friday, and Mary his Mother, send me the love of the Lord. Stanley he hath married my Mother." He did not perceive that this passage is erroneously punctuated. It should run—"the love of the Lord Stanley." Lord S. was married to the Earl of Richmond's

mother; and his aid was a matter of the utmost moment to Henry.

I have said, that almost all the invasions of Great Britain, by foreign powers, were successful. But in the number, I do not count some plundering intrusions by the French, towards the close of the 17th century; when they carried off a few scores of cattle, and set fire to a village or two on the coast of Scotland. Nor can I include the landing of a handful of troops, with which Louis XV. assisted Prince Charles Edward in 1745; nor yet the momentary possession of the town of Carrickfergus in the North of Ireland, by Thurot, some years after the Scottish outbreak. But perhaps the arrival of a French force in Ireland, in the year 1798, may be reckoned among the invasions of these nations which, for a time, *did* succeed.

The term success, indeed, can scarcely attach to what then happened; but it is nearly certain, that had the numbers which effected a landing in favour of the Irish insurgents at that period, been more formidable, the invasion would, in fact, have succeeded in the strictest sense of the word. Having myself witnessed some of the scenes exhibited in Ireland in those times, I am enabled to state a few particulars connected with the transactions referred to, and shall here add them from memorandums preserved by me; trusting that should they prove, even in the slightest degree, interesting, my readers will excuse my being more prolix and diffuse than hereto-

fore, or than the plan of my little volume would seem to authorize.

August 26, 1798.—Dublin was in a ferment: the streets glowed with scarlet, and echoed throughout with the clatter of arms; an express having reached the seat of government intimating that a powerful French force had landed in the West, had completely beaten back the volunteers who opposed them, been joined by multitudes of the discontented, and that all were in full march towards the interior of the country.

Orders for the immediate movement of troops were issued by Lord Cornwallis, Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-chief; who proceeded to put himself at their head. A night or two after, I left the city in a mail coach, with a view of going to my own place of residence near Galway; but next day, on arriving at Athlone, I found that town thronged with military, and in the utmost confusion. Fugitive gentry were rushing into the place in various machines, on horseback, and on foot, terrified by what had occurred on the 27th, when the French detachments, their numbers yet unknown, and of course magnified, had attacked the garrison of Castlebar, and defeated in action the regiments posted there, and vainly endeavouring to maintain the position. I now discerned that I was awkwardly situated. There was no mode of conveyance back to Dublin for me, had I wished to return; nor was there a chance of my reaching in safety my destination in

the West, travelling alone and on foot, as I must have done: and in the town, there was no roof under which I could possibly obtain shelter and a bed for the night.

As I wandered to and fro in perplexity, I met an old friend, a captain in a militia regiment, encamped at a distance of about three miles from Athlone; and having stated my embarrassment to him, he kindly invited me to dine at the regimental mess: after which he proposed, as the best step I could take, that I should put on the uniform jacket and sword, &c. of an absent officer of the corps, left in his care; march along with the army, which had orders to move at four next morning; and thus possibly find my way to my own neighbourhood, near which we should be likely to pass in a day or two. I gladly closed with this friendly arrangement; and on the 30th of August was in the camp before daylight, having sat on my portmanteau all night in the ground-floor room of an old coach-office, infested with rats, and cold as the grave.

I broke from my dungeon before the town-clock struck three, and rambling forth, at length got to the regiment with which I was enrolled. Soon after, the drums and fifes struck up "Fare thee well, Killeavy;" we moved off, and marching for several hours into the heart of the country, halted and encamped for the night. The next day went over much in the same manner; during it, however, we passed in review before Lord Cornwallis, who, the better to in-

spect the column, descended from his post-chaise. He was enveloped in a loose brown great coat; an elderly man, but portly and soldier-like, with an aquiline nose, and, apparently, only one eye; and held a gold-headed cane in his hand. He seemed satisfied with the divisions as they filed by; and having directed all volunteers corps to withdraw and not mingle with the militia regiments, or troops of the line, and announcing immediate execution as the punishment for any one guilty of robbing the country people, or assaulting the cottages, he disappeared.

Our marches for the four following days were severely fatiguing. During the day-time we suffered from heat, thirst, and hunger, and at night from cold; being for three nights without tents, and lying on the bare ground, or what grass or hay some of us could scrape together. Early on the 5th of September, our attention was roused by the noise of firing at no great distance, the cause of which was explained before mid-day; when we came among dead and dying; field-pieces upset, a broken bridge, the mangled carcasses of horses, &c. Among the slain were several men in French uniform, some of whom belonged to General Humbert's (the French commander's) force: but more proved to be British deserters. I noticed two or three wearing waistcoats distinguished by the buttons of the militia regiments they had forsaken, but having French coats on.

This scene was the result of an exceedingly spirited proceeding on the part of the Limerick regiment of

militia, which was quartered in the town of Sligo; when Lord Gort, then Colonel Vereker, who commanded, proposed their going out and attacking the French battalion as it passed, so as to turn the enemy from his line of march. This was done accordingly; and the fortunate consequence was, that after a smart contest, in which many lives were lost, the enemy's forces were compelled to take a different direction from that which they intended, and were thus thrown in the way of the column of about 3000 cavalry and infantry in which I happened to be, and which, on the morning of the 8th, encountered the foe at a place called Ballinamuck. We were commanded by General Lake, afterwards Lord Lake, distinguished in India.

The French, on this occasion, were attended, and indeed, I believe, encumbered by some thousands (as the French reported), of the miserable, half-armed peasantry; and after holding out about three quarters of an hour, and behaving extremely well, laid down their arms; but their wretched Irish allies were left to their fate. These fled in every direction, through a deep morass, and suffered cruelly, losing, by General Lake's despatch, five or six hundred of their number, who were mercilessly shot and cut down. The ground on all sides of the place in which we halted for the night, was scattered over with the dead and mutilated bodies of men and horses, broken muskets, swords, bayonet-sheaths of brown leather, as the French used to have, exploded cartridges, tum-

brils overthrown, &c. The injury on General Lake's side was trivial. Among the officers hurt, I remember only that General Craddock, who afterwards had a brigade in Egypt, and was created Lord Howden, was severely wounded by a musket-shot in his arm.

Several leaders of the insurgents were made prisoners, and hung to the limb of a tree, in the course of the forenoon. Among them were two gentlemen, a Mr. O'Dowd, and Mr. George Blake, called Blake of Garraclune. With the last named I had been acquainted in Galway. Just before he suffered, he expressed a desire to speak to me, and gave me a message for a member of his family, to whom he commissioned me to relate his dismal end. I found him guarded by soldiers; he was without a hat, and, in his endeavours to escape, had divested himself of his coat and boots. He was bleeding from a sabre-cut in one hand, and appeared exhausted, but not dismayed; conversed almost cheerfully about several individuals whom we had mutually known; and bidding me farewell, turned from me, walking steadily to the adjoining place of execution, and I saw him no more. Seven or eight others were put to death with him; and it was reported, with what truth I cannot say, that the sufferers being crowded as they were ranged under the fatal tree, Blake, assuming a military attitude, looked along the line, and cried, "Ease off to the right;" and by-and-bysaid, addressing the officer on duty, "Sir, my uncle, observing that I was a wild lad, used to say, 'George,

unless you mend, you will one day die like a trooper's horse, with your shoes on ;' but (showing that he was in his stocking-feet) you see my uncle was mistaken !" Just previously to suffering, he carefully rubbed the deadly cord with a piece of soap which he had about him.

He was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old ; a tall, well-made man, with a clear skin, large blue eyes, fair hair, a long, hooked nose, and very short upper lip. He was of a good family in the county of Mayo, and had served in the West Indies, and been a subaltern in a dragoon regiment, but left the army on account of some duelling affair, in which it was said he was disreputably concerned. Among his brother chieftains who escaped from the field there was one Macdonald, a quondam barrister, whose great-coat was found, and in the pocket of it was discovered a letter, which I here transcribe from a copy sent to me soon after. It is so far curious, that it shows something of system on the part of the insurgents, and no small share of military talent and general ability in the writer, a Mr. Edward Garvey, who being a prisoner, and sentenced to death, was stated to have been saved from execution by some unknown influence exerted in his favour.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" Amid the hurry of business, in which, from your present situation, you are involved, and which, I have no doubt, you will conduct with fidelity and

honour, you will forgive my taking up your time by communicating my thoughts to you, and, through you, to the French general, at this important period. He is arrived at a moment the most fortunate, when the government, as if excited by some supernatural impulse to accelerate their own destruction, after creating animosities among the people, armed a part to massacre the rest, and proclaimed a religious war.

“ This religious prejudice, policy requires should be fed ; humanity requires it should not be permitted to go the length of taking away lives. In every town, the general should, in my mind, place the suspected persons in such a state as to be perfectly secure from personal violence, and yet not leave it in their power to injure the common cause, either by communicating intelligence to the enemy, or by fabricating reports, to damp or chill the public spirit. But above all, they should not be permitted to hold any kind of public employment at this crisis. The effect that would have on the multitude would be inconceivable.

“ The general, I trust, will not be led to make any partial distribution of commissions to any particular set of men, so as to cause jealousy among the rest ; though only weak minds could feel any, in so great a cause. Yet, even this has ruined Ireland in a former period. The natives, I conceive, should be trained in skirmishes, or marched to different places, before they engage in a general action. Habit produces courage, or insensibility of danger, which

produces the same effect. Suppose an attack upon Sligo, if the general thinks the army could be divided with safety. Then they would be received by thousands of enthusiasts (Carmelites), and the habit and pride of conquest would recruit their courage, and the army might easily prevent their being attacked from Athlone. The example the yeomanry show, and the conduct of the cavalry in the engagement at Castlebar, prove how dangerous it is to trust, on horseback, any but experienced soldiers. Many, seized by an impulse, sometimes irresistible, run on horseback, who would fight well on foot. The courage of one often communicates itself to others; but fear is epidemical: the flight of one often brings on that of a whole regiment. The soldiers should be invited to come over to you, with warmth; but trusted with caution. Of the *yeomanry* who join, the fidelity is unquestionable: they all like the cause.

“ But above all, my friend, your men should be roused, animated, encouraged; they should be told they fight for their God, their country, and themselves. The principle of the partition of lands among them should be inculcated; and, I think, by the French general; this would be speaking at once to their feelings and their understanding. This doctrine, once properly instilled, would shake the old government to its centre; it would communicate through the kingdom, like an electric spark; it would spread dismay and distrust through the ranks

of our enemies, and may cause such desertion among the military, particularly the militia, that the government may fall without a struggle; may die without a blow. The expectations of our friends, the fears of our enemies, are realized, by the victory at Castlebar; the character of the French soldiers, the talents of their commander, are established by it.

“By suspected persons, I mean those favoured by the old government, and those against whom the public indignation is directed.

“I remain, with the warmest wishes for the delivery of Ireland, your assured friend,

“E. G.

“To Citizen Gannon,

“To be handed to Commissary Major Roche,

“Castlebar.”

If the foregoing be genuine, and not a letter made for an imaginary writer, it implies much; and, in fact, renders it manifest, that had the French interest in Ireland been supported by many such as E. Garvey, and had the number of foreign troops landed been at all formidable, (they amounted to less than fourteen hundred,) Ireland would have been separated from Great Britain—perhaps for ever. Few as the French were, they consisted of the best description of soldiery; they were veterans, and mostly of the army of the Rhine, as several of them, with whom I conversed, informed me. I saw their colours, taken in or after the fight; a large flag of white silk, or sub-

stance like silk, having in the centre "République Française" embroidered within a wreath of laurel.

The officer who commanded the artillery, and defended Castlebar as long as he could, told me,—and he was an old experienced soldier, that no troops could possibly behave better than the French did when they attacked him. They were obliged, he observed, to advance in column, of which formation he took advantage, and by his fire made a lane through it from front to rear, killing many. But before he could fire again, the French, with great skill, dispersed themselves to the right and left, so that his next shot did comparatively no mischief. And then, surrounded by the enemy, and deserted by two regiments which should have supported him, he was obliged to surrender himself, his guns, and such of his artillery-men as survived.

A circumstance took place at this attack on the town, too much to the credit of the brave men concerned, not to deserve commemoration. During the night of the 26th, six Highland soldiers, of the regiment called Fraser's Fencibles, who were posted outside the threatened suburb, were ordered to send notice to the commandant within of the first approach of the invading force; but had no orders to withdraw. Each of these heroic fellows, accordingly, remained fixed as a statue, and died precisely on the spot assigned to him. I saw, with strong emotion, the ground where these true soldiers fell, like Spartans of old; and copied the following inscription from

an engraved stone of large dimensions, inserted in the wall of the church of Castlebar, by their colonel and fellow-countryman :—

ERECTED
TO
THE MEMORY OF
JAMES BEATY,
ANGUS M'DONALD,
GEORGE MUNRO,
DONALD URQUHART,
WILLIAM ROSS,
AND
DOUGALD CAMERON,
PRIVATES OF THE FRASER HIGHLANDERS,
WHO WERE KILLED IN
THE ACTION AT CASTLEBAR
WITH THE FRENCH INVADERS,
ON THE 27th OF AUGUST, 1798.
AS A SMALL TRIBUTE TO THEIR
GALLANT CONDUCT,
AND
HONOURABLE DEATH;
BY
COLONEL SIMON FRASER
OF,
LOVAT,
WHO COMMANDED THE DETACHMENT
OF THE REGIMENT ON THAT DAY.

The commanding officer of the artillery, to whom I have alluded, then captain, since General S., had shot-holes through his hat, and the skirts of his coat, yet escaped without a wound. He said the French had treated him respectfully, and sent him away safe: and he added a pleasant story of his horse, *Gunner*; a noble animal of great size and beauty, and white as snow. *Gunner* was an old

acquaintance of mine, and, justly, a prodigious favourite with the men of the detachment. It seems that poor Gunner was seized by the French soldiers, who marched him off; a measure into which he fell with much apparent complacency, which his master accounted for by the circumstance of the blue foreign uniform closely resembling that of his own battalion. Gunner, however, in a very short time, grew suspicious, investigated the garments and faces of his captors, and not approving of them, suddenly reared, bit, kicked, and plunged with so much vehemence, as forced them to let him loose; when, breaking through their ranks, he fled with the speed of a cannon-ball, instinctively found his way across the country, and reported himself present, by joining the retreating forces, among whom his owner afterwards, to his great joy, discovered his faithful charger.

I could easily extend this memorandum to a much greater length; but will abstain, both from regard to my reader's patience, and in conformity to my purpose of writing—not a treatise on any one topic, but brief and unconnected notes under various heads.

BIOGRAPHIANA.*

Page 39, vol. i. "Prince Arthur, son of Henry VIII." Careless printing. Arthur was son of Henry VII.; but died before he was sixteen years of age; probably much to the disadvantage of the nation.

* London, 1799, 2 vols.

His character promised all that was desirable in morals and intellect, and his untimely death made a king of his brother Henry; a heartless and voluptuous tyrant, less like a man than a wild boar, in his passions and appetites.

It is not a little amusing to reflect on the subject of causes and consequences in the progress of human affairs. Young Arthur might well have lived to sit on the British throne: had he done so, and transmitted the crown to his child, Henry VIII. would have died a younger brother, and been neither a regal defender of the church of Rome, nor the promoter of an ecclesiastical revolution. He could not, by the divorce of Catherine of Arragon, have made Anne Boleyn the mother of Queen Elizabeth, whose glorious reign would thereby have been lost to the country. Mary of Scotland would not have perished on a scaffold for conspiring against her relative, the virgin sovereign; nor Mary's son, James, through failure of direct heirs, have succeeded Elizabeth, nor been the father of a monarch destined to create a civil war, and to die as Charles I. did, &c. &c.

Page 41. "This excellent Prince (Louis XII.), at an advanced age, married the Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII. of *France*," meaning Henry VIII. of *England*.

Page 43. "Francis (the first), at some mock skirmish, was wounded in the head by a burning stick; and whilst his courtiers were anxious to find out the person who had hurt their monarch, he replied nobly,

‘ Let him alone ; I have committed a folly, and it is but right that I should suffer for it.’” This is all exceedingly silly writing, both on the part of the compiler of the *Biographiana*, and of Pasquier, the author of the statement. There is nothing whatever to praise in the conduct of Francis, who must have been a base-minded fool, had he acted otherwise. The reverse of wrong is not necessarily laudable.

Perpetual misconception prevails on points of this kind, and is most provokingly encouraged by the mawkish sentimentality of the daily press, and even by that of the magistrates. The driver of an *omnibus* (I suppose a sort of *lusus naturæ*, for sake of argument) delivers up to the sitting justice a purse containing two ten-pound notes, fifteen sovereigns, and four shillings and sixpence, not being able to discover the proprietor ; who shortly after makes his appearance, retrieves his wealth, (which he deserved to lose for his stupidity,) and gives a handsome reward to the finder. It would not be difficult to prove that it is a highly immoral act to do more than recompense the driver of the omnibus for his loss of time ; but it is palpably vicious and ridiculous to applaud the honesty of Mister Jacob Jolt, in the justice-room and the newspapers, and to blazon his name with the epithets worthy poor fellow, respectable individual, an honour to the working classes, and a pattern for all his brethren of the whip, &c.

In doing as he has done, said Jolt has only not shown himself to be a consummate scoundrel. He

and some millions of his race should be taught that, however it may create wonder, there is nothing to invite praise in the fact of a man not being a thief.

Pages 146, 147. "This great man (Thuanus, or De Thou) died on the first day of November, 1582, regretted by all, but more particularly by his illustrious sovereign, Henry the *Fourth*, who ordered for him a more magnificent funeral than was ever made, &c." Henry the *Third* was assassinated in 1589; and then, and not before, Henry the *Fourth* ascended the French throne.

Page 148. "This great man" (who is stated by the compiler to have died in 1582), "in 1598, had occasion to go to Saumur."

In page 154, appears a letter from De Thou to Casaubon, dated from Villebon, May 7th, 1612. Also, a letter from Grotius to De Thou's son, dated Paris, August 16, 1635, in which he mentions his *recent* misfortune in the loss of his father, and exhorts him to moderate his sorrow. The foregoing prodigious confusion of facts and dates is mainly to be attributed to the perplexity arising from the use of Arabic numerals; which, as all who are familiar with the press must be convinced, are never-failing sources of error to compositors, readers, correctors, authors, &c.

The following extract from a popular journal of the time, belongs, in some measure, to the subject of my last remark, which it serves to illustrate.

"The Number of the Westminster Review just published, (August, 1826,) contains an exposition of

various droll mistakes in the considerably *improved* fifteenth edition of Debrett's Peerage, of which we copy a specimen or two. Page 1158: Nathaniel Williams, second Lord Clarina, was born 29th May, 1796; married Penelope, daughter of M. R. Westropp, Esq., and by her had a daughter, born 13th March, 1797 (not quite ten months after his own birth); he had afterwards four other children, the last of whom was born in 1805 (when their father was little better than seven years old). And, his lordship died in Barbadoes, in 1810, aged thirteen years and a few months, after having been the father of five children, a lieutenant-general in the British army, and governor of a colony.

In page 965, a singular circumstance is recorded of the first Viscount O'Neill: he married a lady who died in 1722; yet, notwithstanding this little accident, she bore him a son on the 16th of March, 1746, and afterwards a daughter, of the date of whose birth, Mr. Debrett does not condescend to inform us. But the most remarkable peculiarity of all exists in the Gormanstown peerage, which (on account of being an Irish one, we suppose), "has descended in regular succession from *son to father*."

The compiler of the *Biographiana* having, in his concluding volume, introduced many names of less eminence in the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., &c., has unaccountably devoted but one very short paragraph, page 537, vol. ii., to the memory of the celebrated Harley, Earl of Oxford; and this merely

to notice the Lord Treasurer's pamphlet, "*Faults on both Sides.*" But, Lord Oxford was a personage too conspicuous in British history to be so slightly dealt with. He was, beyond any doubt, deeply implicated in treasonable transactions; and, at one time, in the utmost danger of impeachment. In proof of this, I beg leave to offer the following anecdote. Conversing once with the late Doctor Thomas Falconer, of Bath, he told me this story, in reply to an observation of mine, that when once in a state of dotage, men hardly ever, or never, retrieved their intellectual powers. Mr. Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, being threatened with a trial for high treason, desired an interview with the great Duke of Marlborough. On his admission, he showed the duke a letter, asking if his Grace knew it again. The duke signified that he did; they separated; and Harley's trial was talked of no more. Several years after, Mr. Harley being at Tunbridge, met the duke, who was then in second childhood, and under the care of a person hired to guide him. But, on seeing Mr. H. he stopped, fixed his eyes firmly on him, and saluted him with a pointedly low bow. This, as Doctor Falconer observed, was distinct recognition, and something more than bare remembrance of the individual.

The letter above-mentioned was one from the Duke of Marlborough to the father of Prince Charles Edward, and of such a nature, that, if brought forward, it would have sent the duke to the block; and,

through fear of destroying him, Harley's prosecution was dropped.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.*

As a frontispiece to volume i., there is an engraving of Lord Edward, from a picture by Hamilton. I was well acquainted with his lordship's appearance, and can safely say that the countenance in the engraving is true to the painting, which I have often seen, and exquisitely like the very handsome original. But the plate rather represents him as tall and slender: he was a broad-chested man, and exactly five feet nine inches high.

Many portions of Mr. Moore's work are as well written as might be expected from his practised and graceful pen; and the performance is altogether exceedingly interesting. But, on one or two occasions, Mr. Moore has treated the parties referred to somewhat unfairly.

Page 13, vol. ii. Speaking of Thomas Reynolds, and the Irish rebellion in 1798, Mr. Moore says, "It was but to the mere accidental circumstance of a worthless member of the conspiracy being pressed for a sum of money to discharge some debts, that the government was indebted for the treachery that at once laid the whole plot at their feet." Judging

* London, 1831, 2 vols.



from the plain and uncontradicted statements published by the son of Reynolds, in his memoirs of his father, and in vindication of his character, there is no truth in Mr. Moore's insinuations against Reynolds. The man forsook his party in the day of peril, violated the compact he had made with the leaders of the insurrection, sent many of them to death and to exile, and, by withdrawing from the conspiracy, probably saved his own life. But by his son's account, it is clear that he acted thus, from what his enemies are, at most, authorized to term weakness of mind, and his friends would call compunction ; a natural horror of bloodshed, and devastation. For he *first* disclosed the secrets of the conspirators ; then, being ruined in his affairs, asked but for as much money as would assist to remove him from the reach of that vengeance which he knew awaited him, and never even received compensation adequate to his losses ; much less a recompense for the benefit he had done the state.

Page 136, vol. ii. In a letter from Lady L. Conolly, she alludes to the difficulty experienced by the relatives of Lord Edward, in their endeavours to visit him, as he lay wounded and dying in prison ; difficulties, the author intimates, arising from the unrelenting cruelty of the government ; while he is silent as to the particular conduct of one of its most efficient and distinguished members, Lord Clare. His lordship was well known as an inveterate opponent of the popular cause ; and in his zeal for the

governing power, he undoubtedly evinced the utmost intolerance, and showed himself capable of almost any act of oppression, and even of injustice. He could, nevertheless, behave magnanimously, and display a degree of tenderness and delicacy of feeling rarely found in a political partisan. Of this, what I have to relate is a lively proof; and Mr. Moore ought in fairness to have recorded all of good and liberal which he knew to be in the character of Lord Clare. Instead of which, he carefully abstains from everything resembling eulogy, and yet retains much of what is calculated to injure the memory of the chancellor as a humane individual.

In the summer of 1833, a gentleman, very nearly connected with Lady L. Conolly, and generally known for his talents, lofty spirit, and social worth, gave me the following remarkable account of the deportment of Lord Clare on the mournful occasion above referred to; adding, that he had communicated the fact prior to the publication of Mr. M.'s volumes.

Lady Conolly first applied to Lord Camden, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for leave to visit her unhappy kinsman, sorely wounded, and dying in the common gaol, to which he had been conveyed when taken prisoner; but was peremptorily refused. Upon this she proceeded, accompanied by her niece, with a like petition to Lord Clare, who had that evening a cabinet dinner, but came out to her ladyship, with his napkin in his hand, heard her request, and, saying that he could not, as he wished, grant her an order,

but that, whatever party feelings might dictate, he would *then* listen only to sentiments of pity, without taking his hat, entered the carriage, and drove with Lady C. directly to Newgate. He there ordered her to be admitted to Lord Edward's apartment, and waited for her more than two hours in the keeper's room, when, her ladyship returning, he attended her home.

During these disastrous days in Ireland, scenes of domestic woe presented themselves, too horrible to be calmly remembered by surviving witnesses; or even to be believed by the young and inexperienced.

Pages 153-4. The Duke of Richmond, in a letter to Mr. Ogilvie, enlarges most feelingly on the wretched state of mind, and bodily sufferings, of the hapless Pamela, Lord Edward's widow; respecting whom, Theobald Wolfe Tone, in the second volume of his *Memoirs*, has this forcible passage: "Poor Pamela! She is in London, which she has been ordered to quit in three days. The night of her husband's arrest, she was taken in labour—and—will it be believed hereafter—not one physician could be found in Dublin hardy enough to attend her! It was a lady not even of her acquaintance, that assisted her in her peril. She is said to be inconsolable for the death of Fitzgerald; I well believe it—beautiful and unfortunate creature!"

Page 51. I recur to an early part of the volume, for the sake of enlarging on the character and story of a gentleman whose name is but slightly mentioned by

Mr. Moore—William Lawless. I knew him long and well; and can recount some circumstances of him and his adventures, which, not being generally known, may at least serve to amuse the reader of these unpretending pages. Lawless, the particular and personal friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was a well-educated and accomplished surgeon in Dublin, where his merits were extensively and thoroughly appreciated, and where he was considered a very expert operator, and a man of great self-possession, unqualified courage, and various talents. Escaping to France from the dangers which encompassed him in Ireland, he attached himself to the consular, and finally to the imperial army; and died some years since, at his residence not far from Paris, holding the rank of a general officer.

There is, in Mr. Moore's work, a passage relative to him, not sufficiently explicit. Pages 75-6, Mr. Moore says, "They (the members of the Leinster Executive) now applied themselves with a degree of zeal, or rather headlong rashness, of which the trial of the unfortunate J. and H. Sheares discloses a striking example. And such a footing had they at this time obtained in most of the regiments, that we find Lawless, early in May, holding a conference on the subject of the rising, with a meeting of the delegates from almost all the militia in Ireland." This, it is probable, Mr. Moore has gathered from Armstrong's evidence on the trial, where he *swears* thus: "John Sheares then appointed him (witness) to meet him

next day, to introduce him to the gentleman he mentioned to him. Witness went accordingly on Thursday, May 17th, and met both brothers at the same house; but does not recollect anything of moment passing, until the gentleman arrived, when he was introduced to a Mr. Lawless, a relation of Lord Cloncurry's, who told him he had been at a meeting some time before, composed of deputies from almost all the militia regiments, &c.—Mr. Lawless, among other things, remarked that the trees in Lehaunstown Camp would be extremely convenient for hanging people who did not join them."

I have now to state, that on the arrangement of what is called the Peace of Amiens, I proceeded as soon as I could to join William Lawless in Paris, having private business with him. He spoke much, as may be supposed, of the *Insurrection*, and the general condition of Ireland; introducing occasionally sketches of his adventures since his flight. Armstrong's name being mentioned, Lawless observed that he was a great villain, to which I assented; adding, that the observation was superfluous; and that, on the 14th of July, 1798, when John and Henry Sheares died on the scaffold, I should have preferred their feelings to the stings of Armstrong's upbraiding conscience. Lawless said he meant "something emphatic by the word *villain*, because Armstrong invented circumstances to inflame the minds of the court and jury. I was, and am, and will die an Irish rebel: I went every length which a

reasoning man could go, to overturn the Anglo-Irish government, the members of which I execrated collectively and individually ; I was known to entertain these sentiments ; and, by the laws of the land, I most justly deserved the death designed for me ; and had Armstrong said all this, he would have told only the truth ; but he loaded his testimony with fiction. I will now tell you what really occurred in Baggot Street, on the day sworn to. I was sitting with Sheares in his front parlour, when a double knock was made at the street door ; and I, who could see over the blind without rising from my seat, perceived a man at the door, having a great coat, and to his under-coat, a military collar. I exclaimed to Sheares that I was alarmed ; but S. said I had no cause, for that the man, though a royalist officer, was a *true brother* ; and that I should be introduced. My reply was, that I could not, and would not, trust him ; and rising, I passed into the back room, locked the door, remained until the stranger and Sheares were engaged in talk, let myself out at the street door, and never saw more of Armstrong than I have related." This simple narrative, though it may leave the insurgent chieftain where it found him, is a tremendous blow to the credibility of the witness ; and should be published to the world as a lesson on the subject of evidence in general, and as exhibiting an instance of deliberate and diabolical wickedness and falsification on the part of the witness, perhaps

without a parallel in the records of human turpitude.

I do not recollect if Lawless told me that he *had* met the delegates from the militia regiments; but if he did, it was not like him to do that, or anything, incautiously; for he was of a tranquil, meditative disposition, and possessed more *sang froid* than almost any person I have ever known.

To this quality of his mind, he owed his various escapes in moments of imminent danger. He had settled on a plan with a friend commanding the ship engaged to convey him from Dublin; and went forth alone at night, to get on board, dressed as a porter, and carrying a *knot*, as it is called, on his shoulder. At the end of Westmoreland Street, he found himself close to a patrol of cavalry; but, instead of flying, or stopping, he tumbled in among the horses, as if half tipsy, was abused by the troopers, as a drunken vagabond, and desired to go along home. The day after, about noon, and when on board ship in the river, and the vessel about weighing anchor, she was hailed by a boat full of police officers and soldiers, who quickly mounted the ship's side, drew up on the deck, read the proclamation for taking William Lawless, &c., and a very minute description of his person, and remarkable countenance; adding the amount of the large reward offered for his head. He was, at the moment of their coming alongside, below: but, instantly smearing his hands, arms, and face with

tar, he ran on deck, and affected to be occupied in scrubbing the bottom of a boat lying on the booms. The party in pursuit left no corner of the vessel unsearched, and at last went away.

After parting from Lawless in Paris, for Toulouse, where I lived till nearly the breaking out of hostilities in 1803, he was appointed by Buonaparte major of a regiment; and went through many scenes of danger. At Flushing, he was shot with a musket-ball through both cheeks, taken prisoner, and, with other French officers, paraded before the British on guard over them. A subaltern of the latter passed along the line of prisoners; and stopping opposite to Lawless, said in a low tone, "Lawless, I know you!" He had been his schoolfellow, or, at least, a former acquaintance in Ireland. L. stood firmly up, and wisely made no reply. The subaltern ordered his wounds to be dressed, and returned him as an officer entitled to parole. He afterwards had his leg shattered by a cannon-shot at the battle of Leipsic, and retired from the army on half pay, with the rank of *chef de brigade*, or general. His countenance was, as I have said, remarkable: he was a spare man, and bore a most striking resemblance to Louis XVI. when youthful and first on the throne: much as the king's head appears on the French coins about 1780. With a profile of so peculiar a description, his escapes from detection are the more extraordinary.

VINDICIÆ HIBERNICÆ.

BY M. CAREY.*

In 1820, I imported two copies of this singular work from the United States: one was for myself, the other for a friend. It is written for party purposes, but exhibits extensive historical research, and great force of argument. The main object of the author is to expose the errors and falsehoods of English historians in their various accounts of Ireland; and especially to show that there was no conspiracy, nor premeditated massacre of British settlers, by the Irish, in 1641.

Page 117. "In these proceedings of the deputies, under the express directions of James I., there was a signal display of the base ingratitude that peculiarly characterized the wretched Stuart race." The writer might have made an exception in favour of some of the Stuarts, as far as Ireland is concerned: but of the *first* James, in defiance of Sir Walter Scott's feeble attempts to eulogize him on some points, I do not hesitate to assert that nothing good could, with truth, be told. His personal deformities and defects, his constitutional timidity, his immoral propensities, his pedantry, his vanity, his genuine vulgarity of soul, as well as of manners, and, among his crimes, the cowardly desertion of his hapless mother, and the inhuman murder of the illustrious Sir Walter

* Philadelphia, 1819.

Raleigh, being considered, James I. may safely be pronounced the most contemptible miscreant that ever wore a crown.

Page 148. "His (Charles I.) pertinacious rejection of this proposition, lost him the support of those who would otherwise, probably, have once more placed the sceptre in his hands." There is something disingenuous in this observation. Charles, in many respects a worthless person, was, what the author partly denies, in the strict sense of the word, a martyr. He conscientiously thought himself bound to uphold episcopacy; and resolutely preferred death to a surrender of his principles. Had he consented to resign the ecclesiastical body to the opposing faction, he might have preserved both his head and his regal title.

Page 171. The author here speaks of the flight from Ireland of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel; relative to which, I transcribe a passage from a MS. memorandum in my possession. "In August, 1607, Hugh O'Neyle, Earl of Tyrone, landed from Ireland at Quillebeuf, in Normandy, with his countess, their two younger sons, the elder named Henry, and his nephew. And with them, Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell. *Qy.* Whether there was not with them, also, the son of Tyrconnell; and that earl's brother, Caffer O'Donnell, and Matthew O'Neyle, Lord Baron of Dungannon, Tyrone's eldest son, who had all of them been in arms with him, and were attainted by

act of parliament, in 1612? Tyrone went to Rome, where he had a pension from the Pope, of one hundred crowns a month; and another of six hundred crowns a month, from the King of Spain. *Qy.* What became of these fugitives finally? See a very singular proclamation of James I. upon the flight of these earls, dated 15th November, 1607, in Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xv. pages 664-5-6."

Page 225. (Vind. Hib.) "Punishments and penalties are held out *in terrorem* to awe the offenders." This is pleonasm: the sentence should have been, "are held out to the offenders *in terrorem*."

Page 247. "This dishonourable affair occurred previous to his millennium." This word *previous*, as introduced here, is a common usage, but vicious. *Previous* and *prior* are both adjectives; and it is the adverb *previously* which should be employed here and elsewhere. The adjective *scarce* is also constantly misapplied, especially by the poets. I do not mean such as and others like him; nor yet those gentle sons and daughters of song, who rejoice in making *lawn* and *dawn* rhyme to *morn* and *horn*, &c.; but Dryden, Pope, and twenty more, genuine votaries of the Muse, who ought to have set the example of correctness. The young writer should remember, that what is practised by men of mighty name, will not convert wrong into right.

Page 289. "In every age of the world, some peculiar folly or wickedness has prevailed, which distin-

guished it from those which preceded, as well as from those which followed, with nearly as much accuracy as the varied features of the face distinguish one man from another." This is one of those sentences which, unless carefully examined, impose on the understanding of the reader. It is slovenly and ungrammatical. "Every" is singular, "those" plural. The word *those* should be *that*; otherwise the antecedent it (which is singular), has no consequent. Besides, *every* age cannot be so distinguished, because the *first* age could not have been preceded.

Page 460. "Cromwell had besieged this town, (Drogheda) for some time."

It is past dispute that Oliver Cromwell was, as the author intimates, a canting, hypocritical and sanguinary villain; but he was, as undoubtedly, a man of great determination and profound sagacity. When I was a boy, a relative of mine told me that he had either seen or heard of the original summons sent by Cromwell to the mayor of Drogheda; and that it was in these words: "Mr. Mayor! send us the keys of your town by the bearer, or, by the living God, I will force the place, and cut the throats of man, woman, and child." The keys were refused, and he kept his oath: *piously* attributing, in his despatch to parliament, the bloody transaction to Providence.

His cruelty, however, terrified other strong posts; and, on the whole, certainly saved many thousands from massacre.

Pages 476-7. The writer quotes from Moore's
"Lalla Rookh :"

" Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might !
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips !
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,—
May he at last, with lips of flame,
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted ;
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet ! Let the damn'd one dwell,
Full in the sight of Paradise—
Beholding Heaven—and feeling Hell."

These most vehement lines were, it is concluded, designed by the poet to apply to Thomas Reynolds : how unfairly, the reference in a foregoing part of this miscellany will serve to show.

A NATURAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.

BY SEVERAL HANDS.*

This work is called "A Natural History of Ireland, by Boate and Molyneux," as republished, Dublin, 1753. It is a volume of great merit.

* Dublin, 1726, 4to.

Page 4. The counties of Ireland, both as to name and number, as enumerated and described in this page, are different from what are now acknowledged. There is, for example, at present, no such county as Desmond, and only *one* county of Tyrone; nor any such *county* as Col, or Coleraine; and Derry should be added to the author's list. Galloway and Slego should be Galway and Sligo.

Page 5. In his account of "The Cities and Chief Towns of Ireland," it is singular that the writer, giving an estimate of the importance of the capital, should have omitted the circumstance of its being the seat of parliament.

In the scale, Galway is placed next in degree to Dublin. But since the work was written, Galway has greatly decayed; and the second town in Ireland is, and has long been, Cork; the third, Belfast; the fourth, Limerick; fifth, Waterford; sixth, Londonderry. Cork, not Dublin, *should* have been the capital.

Page 10. "Lough Corbes," should be Lough Corrib.

Page 14. "The which (havens) being deep enough, are but very little, and of a small pourprise." According to Blount's *Glossographia*, 1656, *pourpris* signifies, in French, an enclosure.

Page 15. "Cannot go nearer to Dublin than Ringsend." *Ringsend* is an absurd corruption of *Wring Sand*, the proper name of the suburb.

Page 91. "So that there be as few years of dearth in Ireland, as in any other country in Christendom;

and most years there is not only corn enough got for the sustenance of the inhabitants, but a great deal over and above, for the sending out of great quantities of grains into other countries." In the year 1827-8, &c., Ireland sent vast quantities of grain and cattle to England; and much about the same time, large collections of money were made throughout Great Britain, to relieve the poor of various districts in Ireland, then dying of famine! *Query*—The quantity of common sense in this transaction? There is reason to believe that the pecuniary contributions on these occasions amounted to more than the sale of the exports produced.

Page 92. The writer having observed, that "The Irish air is greatly defectuous in this part, and too much subject to wet and rainy weather," &c.; goes on to recommend the draining of bogs and marshy lands. But, first, I have to state that the celebrated Richard Kirwan, Esq., popularly called the *Philosopher*, published a register of the weather, kept carefully for thirty years, and compared with accurate diaries made in England, during the same period; by which it appeared that more inches of rain had fallen in England and Wales in those thirty years, than in Ireland. Next, as to draining the swamps in Ireland, though it might somewhat amend the climate, this result would depend on the situation of the place so drained; for, bogs on *levels* would probably become as swampy and wet as ever in a few years after.

Page 153. In a letter from Doctor Thomas Molyneux, to Doctor Martin Lister, on the subject of the Giant's Causeway, the writer says—"For the vast quantity and spacious extent of this sort of work, which, though it is formed in such an abundance in this part of our country, none of just the same kind, for aught I can yet hear, is to be met with in any other part of the world." A similar natural production exists on the coast of Scotland, opposite to the Giant's Causeway. In 1833, was published in London—"An Excursion in New Holland in 1830, 31, &c.," in one volume, 8vo, by Lieutenant Breton, R. N., in which the author says, "We found a most singular mass of basaltic columns. None of the columnar fragments were more than three feet in length; nor were any under six, or above twelve inches thick. They had all either three, five, or six sides." The *Irish* basaltic columns might be described in the same words.

In pages 28-9, the author avers "the Irish Sea not to be so tempestuous as it is bruited to be." I have heard a different opinion from Captain Skinner, the commander of a *packet*, as it was termed, from Dublin to Holyhead. After being in that service more than forty years, and having made, on an average, at least two thousand voyages, in November, 1832, in a violent gale of wind, he, together with his mate, was swept off the deck by so heavy a sea, that the bulwark of the vessel was carried away; and it was supposed that Captain Skinner and the mate

were both killed by the force with which they were driven against the wooden work, as they were seen floating on their faces upon the billows. Skinner, who had been a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and had lost an arm in action, could not, in all probability, have saved himself in smooth water. He was an excellent navigator: and I have frequently heard him say that he supposed no man had oftener escaped death than he had in his voyages across the Irish Sea. He conveyed George IV. in his steamer to Ireland.

JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER, &c.*

The author, a medical officer, and a native of Hanover, writes in a pleasant, soldier-like style, without any attempt at embellishment; but by the magical efficacy of truth, and the good fortune of being able to relate a great variety of adventures, has produced an extremely entertaining volume.

Page 20, Preface. He mentions General Mortier. I met the general and his forces at Utrecht, in the month of May, 1803, then on their march to Hanover. I saw his troops paraded in the Plaas St. John. The general was a very tall, handsome man, all smiles, agility, and finery; and had that air of cheerfulness which belongs peculiarly to Frenchmen engaged in affairs of war, and with warlike adventures in view. Mortier was afterwards greatly distin-

* London, 1827.

guished as a leader; and, as Duke of Treviso, was killed, July 28, 1835, as he rode by the side of Louis Philippe, King of the French, to a review of the troops, by a discharge of bullets from a machine, contrived and fired by a mad assassin of the name of Fieschi. The death of Mortier is thus noticed in a Parisian report of the time:—"Le Maréchal Mortier, Duc de Treviso, atteint d'une balle à la tête. Mortier, élu en 1791, Capitaine de Volontaires, avait fait depuis lors toutes les guerres de la République et de l'Empire, et conquis tous ses grades à la pointe de son épée. Expirer ainsi en pleine paix, au milieu d'une fête, sous le plomb d'un invisible assassin, c'était assurément un bien triste destinée pour un soldat qu'avaient épargné les boulets de l'ennemi à Diernstein, à Anclam, à Ocana, à Gebora, à Austerlitz, et dans cinquante autres batailles; et qui avait échappé, comme par miracle, aux flammes de Moscou, et aux glaces de la Bérésina!" This is an exceedingly graceful tribute to the memory of a renowned warrior; nor could any thing have been more eloquently said of Bayard himself. The story of the day was, that reports of an intention to assassinate the king having gone abroad, the family of the Duke of Treviso besought him to absent himself from the review; to which he replied, with a smile, that, on the contrary, he would ride by the side of his Majesty, and shelter him by his great bulk, which it might almost be said he had done. The

king would probably have fallen by the shot which killed the duke.

The strongest test of the character of Napoleon, sneering, immoral, heartless, despotic, and regardless of human sufferings as he was, is probably discernible in his being an object of esteem, attachment, and even of adoration, with so enormous a villain as Fleschi, in whose composition every thing which was not madness, was crime. The existence of such a monster of iniquity, almost makes human nature in general appear amiable.

It may be worth observing, that great acts of wickedness have usually been perpetrated by the *French* in the heat of summer. They are, when excited, always on the verge of what, in England, is called madness: and this infirmity is supposed, by some medical writers, to be exasperated by warmth! Monday, July 11th, 1836, Louis Alibaud was beheaded in Paris, for having, not many days before, fired at the king, as he entered his carriage, at one of the gates of the Tuileries. Alibaud was a sort of reasoning maniac, who, on his trial, talked seriously of the duty incumbent on a free man to kill one whom he esteemed a bad ruler, &c. Talleyrand had the good sense to remonstrate on the absurdity of executing as a criminal a man evidently deranged; and wisely would have had him imprisoned for life; but the law was allowed to take its course.

Nearly the same plea might have been offered in

the case of Fieschi: he was certainly of unsound mind; and in England, of late years, would not have been put to death. Some time since it was otherwise; as when Colonel Despard was hung for high treason, and Bellingham for shooting Mr. Perceval; yet the madness of both was manifest, as their actions, indeed, proved. The former, who, for arms, carried an *umbrella*, and whose forces amounted to *seven* famishing, crazy, poor men, had, with these means only, conceived the rational project of paralyzing the parliament, and overturning the British constitution! And Bellingham, because he had become a bankrupt in trade, resolved to kill the Chancellor of the Exchequer, without any personal hostility towards him; much as if a man, because he has an infirm constitution of body, should therefore murder the chief physician of the royal household! Yet, to serve party purposes, these unhappy lunatics were executed as malefactors.

This was sufficiently execrable on the part of England; but it is a trifle compared with what took place, in the course of the last century, in a neighbouring nation, proverbially styled polite and amiable, when the luckless madman, Damiens, was consigned to a death of inexpressible torture, by the influence of the court sycophants of Louis XV. A fact as disgraceful to the common character of mankind, as to that of France, in 1757, that a poor, imbecile creature, as Damiens was proved to be on his trial, should have been made to suffer agonies which it is

agony but to read of, and which only the most fiend-like members of society—a Christian society too—could invent or inflict, is hideous. More hideous is it still, to think that all this was for a feeble and ineffectual attempt to hurt an old, despicable, worm-eaten debauchee,—a foul and fulsome burden to his slavish people.

Though I have not indulged in the liberty of borrowing much from periodical publications, I, in this instance, avail myself of an article in the London Magazine for August, 1757,—a work not in every body's hands,—and introduce, among my designedly miscellaneous and desultory pages, a curious narrative of the execution of Damiens, written at the time, and by an eye-witness. “Towards three o'clock, on Monday, March 28th, notice was given to the commissaries that everything was ready for the execution: upon which they instantly repaired to the Town Hall, preceded, according to custom, by the officers and archers of the lieutenant of the *short-robe*. Several days before, there had been prepared, at the common place of execution, called the *Grève*, a space of one hundred feet square, surrounded with palisades, and having no entrance but in one corner, for the admission of the criminal, and for communication with the Town Hall. This space was guarded, on the inside, by the lieutenant of the short-robe (whose function, on these occasions, answers to that of the sheriff in England,) and his company; and on the outside, by the soldiers of the foot-watch. The

horse patrol was posted in the square of Veaux : the avenues of the Greve were lined, at proper distances, by detachments of the French guards ; as also the way from the Hall of Justice to the church of Nostre Dame. There were also Corps de Gardes stationed at all the quarters and principal street ends of the town. In short, all the necessary precautions were taken to secure the public order and tranquillity. The criminal being arrived at the church of Nostre Dame, he acquitted himself of the ceremony of the *amende honorable*, in the form prescribed by his sentence, with an air of repentance and contrition. He was accompanied by two divines, who did not quit him till his last breath.

“ Being come to the Greve, he desired to speak with the commissaries, who gave orders for him to be brought up to them in the Town Hall ; which he accordingly was. All the declaration he made to them was no more than to ask pardon of the archbishop for the injurious expressions he had used concerning him ; to declare that his wife and daughter were innocent ; and to recommend them to the charity of the commissaries : and in fine, he declared that in his crime there was neither plot, nor accomplice. Both the commissaries and divines united in exhortation to him to avail himself of these last moments for discovering all he knew ; but he persisted in averring that he had nothing more to declare.

“ It is also to be observed, that during this time the divines had several times presented a crucifix to him,

which he respectfully kissed. The commissaries, seeing there was nothing more to be expected from the criminal's declarations, ordered him to be led back to the Greve. He waited there some considerable time, because the executioner had not been careful enough to have everything ready; for which he was afterwards punished by commitment for several days to the dungeon.

"When Damiens was stripped, it was observed that he surveyed and considered all his body and limbs with attention; and that he looked round with firmness on the vast concourse of spectators. Towards five o'clock, he was placed on the scaffold which had been erected in the middle of the inclosed area, and was raised about three feet and a half from the ground; the length from eight to nine feet, and of about the same breadth. The criminal was instantly tied, and afterwards fastened by iron gyves, which confined him under the arms, and above the thighs.

"The first torment he underwent was that of having his hand burnt in the flame of brimstone; the pain of which made him send forth such a terrible cry as might be heard a great way off. A moment afterwards he raised his head, and looked for some time earnestly at his hand, without renewing his cries, and without expressing any passion, or breaking out into any imprecation. To this first torment, succeeded that of pinching him with red-hot pincers, in the arms, thighs, and breasts. At each pinch he was heard to shriek in the same manner as when his

hand was burnt. He looked and gazed at each wound, and his cries ceased, as soon as the pinching was over. They afterwards poured boiling oil, and melted lead and rosin, into every wound, except those of the breast ; which produced in all those circumstances the same effect as the first two tortures.

“ The tenor of his articulated expressions at times, was as follows : ‘ Strengthen me, Lord God ; strengthen me ! Lord God ! Have pity on me ! O Lord my God ! what do I not suffer ! Lord God—give me patience !’

“ At length they proceeded to the ligatures of his arms, legs, and thighs, in order to dismember him. This preparation was very long and painful ; the cords, streightly tied, bearing grievously upon the fresh wounds. This drew new cries from the sufferer, but did not hinder him from viewing and considering himself with a strange and singular curiosity. The horses having been put to the draught, the pulls were repeated for a long time, with frightful cries on the part of the sufferer, the extension of whose members was incredible ; and yet nothing gave signs of the dismemberment taking place. In spite of the straining efforts of the horses, which were young and vigorous, and perhaps too much so, being the more restive and unmanageable for drawing in concert, this last torment had now continued for more than an hour, without any prospect of its ending.

“ The physician and surgeon certified to the commissaries, that it was almost impossible to accomplish

the dismemberment, if the action of the horses was not aided by cutting the principal sinews, which might indeed suffer a length of extension, but could not be separated without an amputation.

“ Upon this attestation, the commissaries sent an order to the executioner to make such an amputation, with regard especially to the night coming on ; as it seemed to them fitting that the execution should be over before the close of the day. In consequence of this order, the sinews of the sufferer were cut at the joints of the arms and thighs. The horses then drew afresh ; and after several pulls, a thigh and arm were seen to sunder from the body.

“ Damiens still looked at this painful separation ; and seemed to preserve some sense, after both thighs, and one arm, were thus severed from his body : nor was it till the other arm went away, that he expired. As soon as it was certain that there was no life left, the body and scattered limbs were thrown into a fire prepared for that purpose near the scaffold, where they were all reduced to ashes. The next day, after various formalities in consequence of the execution, upon the conclusions of the attorney-general, with regard to the family of Damiens, a sentence was issued, ordering his father, wife, and daughter to quit the kingdom immediately, and for ever, under pain of death if ever they are found in it. As to the brothers and sisters, they were enjoined to change their names ; and the demolition of the house in which Damiens was born, was also ordered.”

The foregoing seems like an exaggerated description of the torments devised by dæmons, in a state of future punishment, for the reprobate ; differing, however, in one essential circumstance. In Hell, we are told, the executioners are fiends—and the sufferers, sinners. But, in the instance of the unhappy Damiens, men, so called by courtesy, contrive the tortures ; and a poor, pitiable lunatic is the victim ! Instead of slightly scratching the distempered hide of an extenuated and despicable old profligate, such as Louis XV., had all the sovereigns who have reigned since the days of Nimrod, been butchered on their thrones by assassins, the sufferings of Damiens would have been by a thousand degrees too severe for the supposed perpetrators. But he, who was undoubtedly and notoriously mad, should have excited public commiseration, and not been made the subject of agonies, which no crime could merit, and only the vilest of our race could inflict, or allow to be inflicted.

The court which condemned Damiens, or Damien, for the orthography of his name appears not to be fixed, had no excuse for their decision. A number of depositions concurred to form a complete proof of his having been long out of his mind. Among others, Madame de St. Rheuze, a lady whose servant he had been, declared that she had turned him away, from having observed his madness ; and to specify one instance, that when he had the choice of several convenient rooms to lodge in, he had chosen a garret

almost wholly uncovered, into which it rained and snowed; that he was constantly talking to himself; that when the deponent wanted to send him on an errand, he would excuse himself on the pretence of *vapours*; and that he would often stare at himself in the mirrors of the apartment; but that otherwise, she knew no harm in him, whilst he stayed with her. Playoust, another evidence, deposed that Damiens charged him seriously with being a sorcerer, because he had by him a wax taper with seven holes in it, which were the wax-chandler's marks! But all the depositions, and there were many, confirm the fact of his insanity.

I have, it will be perceived, noticed the "Journal of an Officer," with other views than to quote or criticise the composition of our Hanoverian campaigner, and shall therefore add but a word more of remark, suggested by a passage or two in his really amusing little book.

Page 6. He writes—"I settled myself next a smart looking young female, whom I hoped would compensate, by her volubility, for the reserve of my former neighbours." This is an instance of vulgar newspaper and novel-writers' grammar: "*whom* would" is not English. Sir Walter Scott abounds in this, and similar solecisms.

Page 34. On the subject of walking the streets in London, the author observes, "the foot-passengers, with a kind of natural tact, make way for one another: the wall is invariably given to the women,"

This is egregiously untrue: in London, *every* one, accustomed to the streets, moves to the *right* in walking; and thus, and thus only, could confusion in such crowded avenues be avoided.

SIR JOHN TEMPLE'S HISTORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION IN 1641.

For a character, and a just one, of this work of Sir John Temple's, I would refer my reader to a volume already mentioned in these notes; "*Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*," where, page 391, Carey, the author, says, "Temple, of all the writers whom we have quoted, is the only original author. His book is one unvaried tissue of fables, of which he was himself so much and so justly ashamed, that he endeavoured to suppress it; and actually refused permission to the booksellers of London, to print a second edition. But it was in vain: it too much flattered the existing prejudices, too much favoured the views of those who unjustly possessed the estates of which the Irish were plundered, to hope that it would be allowed to sink into oblivion."

No historian has made more, or more iniquitous, use of Temple's pitiful farrago than Hume. Under the date 1641, he, indeed, states his belief that the Irish massacre of the settlers did not extend to *two hundred* thousand, but possibly to about *forty* thousand! Now, the writer of "*Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*" says, and incontrovertibly shows, that in the

course of several years, the fourth part of that number could not have suffered by the insurrection, and in a contest, evidently provoked by the English party, with a view to authorize the forfeiture of estates ; the sure consequence of defeat.

The rebellion, if such it must be called, did not really extend, at any period, much beyond the province of Ulster, where the number of British was altogether less than twenty thousand, and where the Scottish settlers remained unmolested. He quotes Carte for the fact, that the extravagant numbers said to have been massacred, were many more than there were of British, at that time, in all Ireland ; and states that the survivors of the persecuted Protestants were, notwithstanding their diminution, sufficiently numerous and powerful ultimately to rally, successfully oppose their Irish assailants, subdue them, and take their country from them ! The whole population of Ireland at that day is fairly estimated at *one million four hundred and sixty-six thousand* : the Protestants, or British, altogether, at *two hundred and thirty-three thousand* : nevertheless, a statement was solemnly made before parliament of the murder of *two hundred thousand* in the space of one month after the commencement of the, asserted, insurrection ; and by the accounts of different writers, it would appear that more than *four hundred thousand* persons in Ireland were alleged to have perished on the occasion.

Fables like these were not indeed believed, but

were said to be believed, for the obvious reasons already assigned. Magistrates, however, might give them credence, who could gravely receive and publish depositions on oath, such as the following : that the cruel Irish made candles of Protestant fat scraped from the blades of their knives ; that the spectres of the slain were seen floating on the rivers, and heard to shriek for vengeance ; that crowds of the persecuted came for refuge into Dublin, on their *knees* ; having travelled a distance of one hundred miles from their places of residence, &c. ; and that one old lady (she swears to that effect) was during her flight *seven* times robbed of all her clothes, and left utterly naked : she does not add how her wardrobe was supplied !

With reference to the dispossessed Irish, it is now easy enough to vilify them as blood-thirsty, treacherous, and rebellious ; but it would be a matter of considerable difficulty to prove that they were so ; or that if they were, they were not bloody and perfidious in their own defence, and could not deserve the losses they sustained, and the injuries of which they complained. Their country, which, strictly speaking, was never conquered, was seized upon by the English, for the precise reason which rendered it so precious to the original owners—its genial climate, and fertile fields. The treachery with which they are upbraided, might, perhaps, more properly be termed the artifice of a weaker and less refined people, wherewith to counteract the efforts of

their more powerful and opulent oppressors. Their rebellion may, on the same grounds, be thought justifiable; and their cruelty could not be greater than that of their enemies, nor, atrocious as it may have been, worse than what inevitably belongs to a state of warfare.

Their lot, it must be conceded, was a hard one; differing in no respect, except in magnitude, from that of an individual, whom we will suppose lord of a stately castle, waving woods, broad acres, herds and flocks; and of a tenantry over whom he held sway little inferior to that of prince and father. Let us next imagine this personage assailed by a power greater than his own, overcome, and so reduced, that the only choice left him lies between death and servitude. Compelled to be a serf, where he had been a chieftain, and to witness and administer, in his native hall, to the revels of the usurper; and to behold his honourably born children, his kindred and friends, digging in rags, and for hire, that ground which once was theirs. Shall a manful struggle on the part of these abased, and degraded, and insulted beings to retrieve their social station, and expel the intruders, be stigmatized with the epithets of cruelty and rebellion? If so, then be it remembered, that while this is a representation of the admired Briton in the days of Claudius, it is also that of the vilified Irishman in those of Elizabeth of England!

THE NOVEL OF WERTER.

In the year 1828, I accidentally spoke of "The Sorrows of Werter," in the library of a bookseller at Clifton, when a gentleman present addressed me, in rather a foreign accent, but with much politeness of manner, and said, his name was Sella; that he was a native of Nuremberg, and had ^{been} an officer in the Bavarian army. He then proceeded to say that he was acquainted with the celebrated Göethe, who was intimate with his family, and particularly with his (M. Sella's) aunt; who, when young and mirthful, proposed to Göethe to write a novel, and make her the heroine. This G. agreed to do, wrote Werter, and assigned the part of Charlotte to M. Sella's aunt; feigning himself to be the demented hero, Werter. As the work advanced, he read portions of it to the lady; and the two, together with the lady's husband, used to scream with laughter at the conduct and catastrophe of Göethe's totally imaginary story. M. Sella also mentioned, that his aunt, a woman of exemplary propriety of character, was but recently dead; and that he had not long before paid her a visit, when she was about seventy-two years old.

The English translation, in two minute volumes, of "The Sorrows of Werter," is by ~~the Rev. Richard Greaves~~, of Claverton, near Bath. Göethe, the author, died in the spring of 1832, aged eighty-four.

To one as old as myself, and who, during the last century, mingled with what is called the world, few things can be more amusing than to compare the facts revealed in the above literary anecdote, with the remembrance of the effects originally produced in these countries by Werter, when the work appeared in an English dress. Charlotte and Werter figured perpetually in the windows of the print-shops. Muffs, fans, and fire-screens were adorned with representations of the hapless pair; bonnets like Charlotte's were worn by fashionable females, some of whom wept over her sorrows till they were sick; and divers young, sad, and slender gentlemen fell in love with the wives of their particular friends, as fast as they could; while some of them, in England, as well as in Germany, shot themselves, in tender emulation of the admired and lamented Werter! Yet whoever, at the present day, shall be at the trouble to read Göethe's performance, will, after M. Sella's statement, be inclined to admit its truth: and perceive, without much help from fancy, that there is something enormously ludicrous in the plot and narrative, and will probably be so irreverent as to laugh more than once at its most pathetic scenes. In spite of all this, nevertheless, the work sparkles with the lustre of a master hand, and proclaims the writer a being of refined sensibilities, a man of genius, and a poet.

SHAKSPEARE'S GENIUS JUSTIFIED, &c.

BY Z. JACKSON.*

A great portion of this extraordinary work is, in the highest degree, acute and ingenious; though several of the author's suggestions are puerile and preposterous; and occasionally, unnecessarily coarse. Still it is a fact, that any unprejudiced person, who reads Jackson's book *three* times, will find himself of the author's opinion on doubtful points, more frequently than on the first, or second perusal.

His general plan for vindicating the poet's fame, is based upon a rational foundation. He very plausibly infers that the text of Shakspeare's dramatic works, as we possess it in the edition by Johnson and Steevens, has been grievously corrupted by transcribers, who have often inserted words totally without meaning, and authorized punctuation so erroneous, as to throw whole sentences, in each play, into confusion. And he fairly condemns the various editors and commentators, for so constantly acquiescing in these slovenly passages; for neglecting to try and clear them up; and for considering these absurdities as the property of the poet, instead of ascribing them, in common justice, to the copyist. As an instance of what may be effected by a reflecting reader, and one habituated to the business of the press, Mr. Jackson, among his notes, and pro-

* London, 1819.

posed emendations, has the following most ingenious suggestion on a few words, or indeed, rather on a single word, in the first scene of Act 4th of *Macbeth* :

“ Twice ; and once the hedge-plg whined.
3rd Witch. Harper cries ;—’tis time, ’tis time.”

The transcriber, says Mr. Jackson, who wrote as another person recited, mistook the sound of the word, and wrote *Harper* (which Steevens supposed the name of the witch’s familiar, and no commentator heretofore had attempted to explain), instead of “ Hark her cries ;” that is, the whining of the hedgehog repeated.

It is surely much to the credit of Mr. Jackson’s discernment to have thus ascertained the reading of Shakspeare’s text, where it had evaded the acumen of Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Warton, Hurd, Johnson, Steevens, and many another eminent critic !

In the summer of 1834, I was allowed by a friend to examine the first volume of Pope’s and Warburton’s edition of Shakspeare’s plays, Lond. 8vo. 1747. The copy had been Bishop Warburton’s own, and had various corrections in the learned prelate’s handwriting. In the first leaf he had written as follows :

“ Of all the idiots (and they are not a few) who have scribbled upon Shakspeare, and against his editor, the most consummate, sure, is one Capell, who has wasted above thirty years of life in hunting after the text of Shakspeare, and has at last given it

to us so ridiculously interpolated, that we are now at a loss to distinguish his nonsense from the nonsense of the first blundering printers. W."

The copy above mentioned had belonged to the Rev. Martin Stafford Smith, of Bath, who was married to Warburton's widow.

It would appear that the stern bishop could himself overlook errors, and miss the discovery of the pure reading of Shakspeare's text, as well as Capell, whom he vituperates.

A word may here find a place on the nearly unimportant point of the orthography and pronunciation of the great poet's name. Johnson, in his title-page, has printed it erroneously, Shakespeare; and I, following the ordinary practice, have written Shakspeare. But from some remarks very lately brought before the public in the memoirs of Charles Mathews, &c., it is shown that the Bard has in three instances written his own name Shakspere; and it may be added, that a few years since, a traveller passing through Stratford-on-Avon, saw some boys at play in the street, and overheard one of them two or three times call a comrade Shaxspere.

From the incomplete condition in which the text of the plays has descended to our times, almost every one conceives himself at liberty to form and to announce his conjectures on various doubtful passages in the favourite plays of Shakspeare. George Frederick Cooke, an actor of great merit, gave, for instance, several new readings (and so did

Kean), in representing Richard III. and Macbeth. These I have myself often heard from Cooke upon the stage ; and, with others, at the moment, thought them ingenious. One passage was, I recollect, admired for the good sense with which he punctuated it. In Richard's directions to his soldiers at Bosworth, the printed copy has the lines pointed as delivered by all Cooke's predecessors in the character :

“ Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head ;
Spur your proud coursers hard,” &c.

Cooke's variation here was—as if looking towards the infantry,

“ Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head.”

Then, turning towards that part of the field where the cavalry might be imagined, and who could not be supposed to use the bow, he exclaimed,

“ Spur your proud coursers hard,” &c.

But the old and customary recitation was, after all, probably correct, and intended by the poet, who, in all likelihood, knew what is now ascertained to have been a military usage in former days ; for it appears from a life, not long published, of Edward III. &c. that the king had five hundred archers, mounted on horseback, in his army.

Another of Cooke's readings was in Macbeth, and certainly more plausible than the one just recorded ; though the thought never suggested itself to Kemble, nor, we may believe, to Garrick. Macbeth says to

the messenger who brings him the fatal tidings of the forest moving towards Dunsinane,

“.. If thou speak'st false,
On the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee.”

Cooke made a pause after the word *hang*, and then, with the fury of a fiend, shouted :

“ Alive—till famine cling thee !”

atrociously intimating, that to die of hunger, suspended to the limb of a tree, would be, indeed, a death of horror : whereas the old manner of pointing the sentence conveyed no particular meaning ; all persons hanged in the ordinary way, being necessarily hanged *alive*. These and similar *minutiae* are not noticed, though they might have been, in Jackson's work ; but he has elucidated several passages of greater importance to the reputation of his author.

So very much has been spoken and written on the numberless *beauties* of Shakspeare's dramas, that I shall here, in the little I mean to say, confine myself to the subject of what may be termed their *deformities*.

From the slightest review of some of the plays, it will appear, contrary to a received notion, that *everything* in them is not a beauty ; that many passages, in those the most popular, are admired, which, properly speaking, should be condemned ; that multitudes of weak, half-educated, and well-meaning

people of these countries, praise, and prate about—Shakspeare, without knowing more of his writings than may be gathered from volumes of extracts, &c.; and that females who boast, as many of them do, of having (for so they phrase it) Shakspeare *by heart*, should resign their pretensions either to truth—or modesty, and confess that they have *not* Shakspeare by heart, or if they have, they had better keep that circumstance to themselves.

Should any notice be taken of my observations, one remark will probably be, that I have attributed to Shakspeare, much which belongs, not to the poet, but his editors. To this my reply is, that I advert to Johnson's edition, as at once the least bad, and the most frequently understood to be meant, when one speaks of Shakspeare: every one who has a shelf of books possesses a copy of Johnson's Shakspeare.

I dare not be more particular; but am compelled to deal with my subject in general terms; and can only venture to tell my reader, that, if so resolved, he may discover innumerable passages in the plays of Shakspeare, which respect for public feeling will not allow me to do more than thus to hint at. I cannot, therefore, so far as I have gone, be justly accused of violating propriety, even as much as Mr. Bowdler has done, in his purified edition of the dramas in question. His publication is, I willingly admit, both for motive and execution, worthy of great praise; but it cannot be denied that his work has, in many instances, operated in a manner hostile to his goodly

intentions, and shed a still stronger light than they already reflected, on parts designed benevolently by Mr. B. to continue in the shade.

ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ.

At the sale of the Earl of Anglesey's library, by auction, there was a book exposed, in which Millington, who managed the auction, read a note in the Earl's hand-writing, which was as follows :—

“ King Charles II. and the Duke of York did both, in the last sessions of parliament, (when I showed them, in the Lords' house, the written copy of this book, wherein are some corrections and alterations written with the late King Charles I.'s own hand,) assure me that this was none of the said king's compiling, but made by Doctor Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, which I here insert for the undeceiving others in this point, by attesting so much under my hand. ANGLESEY.”

In Bishop Burnet's “ History of his Own Times,” and in the prefatory portion relative to what occurred before the restoration, the author seems inclined, on the whole, to believe the Eikon Basilike to be actually written by King Charles. The fact probably is, that Doctor Gauden recorded the king's opinions, and even some of his very expressions, and so made out his book. That the work is not *bond fide* by the king himself, will be manifest by an attentive perusal of the composition.

RICHARDSON'S PAMELA.

In the year 1822, a correspondent of *Mr. Urban's* states that the character of Pamela was drawn by Richardson from that of *Hannah Sturges*, afterwards the lady of Sir Arthur Hesilrige, baronet, of Nosely Hall, county of Leicester. Hannah Sturges was mother of Mrs. Hannah Hesilrige, who died at Saint Martin, Stamford Baron, August 18th, 1822, aged 87.

It is no longer the fashion to read Richardson's novels; and, in some respects, so much the worse! All his personages are not only fine poetical creations, but inexhaustible and inestimable moral lessons: and I have the satisfaction of thinking that my often avowed admiration of Richardson is sanctioned by that of Doctor Johnson. The character of Pamela, particularly, should be applied as a sort of test of the female mind. The young woman who condemns and derides the motives and deportment of Pamela, is already corrupt, and may read *any* book she pleases, without danger.

DON QUIXOTE,

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

Sir John Hawkins, in his *Life of Johnson*, says that the translation of *Don Quixote*, said to be the work of Jarvis, the painter, is by a man of the name of *Broughton*, employed for the purpose by Tonson,

the bookseller. Be it whose it may, it is a book in English, very fairly done. Less racy and vigorous indeed, but more elegant and enduring, than the old translation by Motteux, yet much more like the original than that by Smollett, who is suspected to have executed his task from the French.

WALKER'S DICTIONARY.

Walker, in his directions for properly pronouncing the English language, is generally right, and, of course, a most useful guide. He pronounces, and correctly, *knowledge* and *either*—nolledge—eether. And it were to be wished the clergy would attend to this, which, nevertheless, few of them do. Some of the dull and well-meaning among them (dull persons mostly mean well) shall be constantly heard, when engaged in their office, to say—*no*-ledge, and *i*-ther; while the same individuals, in their ordinary discourse, deliver the words as they usually are, and ought to be, sounded; conceiving that piety requires the deviation, and is greatly promoted by it. But Walker is not always to be relied upon; for instance, he spells the pronunciation of *substantiate*, *ingratiate*, &c. sub-stan-*she*-ate, in-gra-*she*-ate. This is, I apprehend, absurd: *ti* cannot spell *she*: *tia* might spell *sha*; and therefore the words should be pronounced, either sub-stan-*shate*, or sub-stan-ti-ate, and so on.

I have the pleasure of remembering that one of

the most accomplished men, and one of the foremost among our English tragedians, on being questioned upon the subject of correct speaking, gave an opinion in favour of the remarks I have ventured to make. And it should be observed, that the actor is alone the person in society who has a right to decide the point. We have no academy to lay down the law for speakers, as they have in France. An orator in the British parliament cannot be called to order for mispronouncing words, or for grammatical slips in his own tongue.

The preacher in his pulpit, the pleader at the bar, and the courtier in the drawing-room, are, for the time, safe from the possibility of censure. But the performer on the stage is liable to be arraigned on the spot for errors in orthoepy, by any competent auditor. I recollect, for example, that one night at Bath, and early in his opening scene, Cooke inadvertently used the vulgarism, *conkered*; instantly a voice from the pit pronounced the word properly; and Cooke as instantaneously bowed, said, emphatically, *conquered*, and went on with his business.

PREACHING.

Though at variance with my plan of not connecting one article with another, in this note-book of mine, I must infringe a little in the present instance, by transcribing a memorandum made immediately after witnessing the exertions of a popular preacher;

the subject, strictly considered, coming under the head of public speaking.

At the solicitation of several friends, I, one evening, a few years since, went to a church, not in the parish where I resided, in order to hear a preacher, announced by hundreds as being one of the ablest and most eloquent orators ever heard in these countries. I saw ascend the pulpit a young man with an intelligent countenance, holding a small Bible in his hand, from which he read his text, but not having any manuscript of his discourse with him.

In the very opening of his oration, it was easy to perceive that he was grossly affected. His voice abounded in inequalities, and in harsh, grating intonations. His delivery deserved rather to be called eager, than energetic. His sentences were poured forth with ungraceful rapidity; each clause was evidently prepared, and exhibited a very jejune and clumsy imitation of the fluency of extemporaneous eloquence. His action was incessant, and dramatic, but perpetually faulty. His manner of speaking had, indeed, the merit of being earnest, but it was coarse; much that of a popular declaimer in what are termed debating societies, mingled with the rant of the conventicle.

His pronunciation was vicious: he said *i-ther*, *no-ledge*, *par-si-ality*, *cove-tchous*, &c. He bellowed till he became hoarse and nearly inarticulate; and did not leave off till he had been at work one hour and a quarter. He had an enormous congregation

chiefly composed of the middle class of persons, and the majority females.

This faithful account of what took place on the above mentioned occasion affords a lesson, and teaches the true meaning of the phrase—popularity. The preacher described was not only popular, but much less defective than many so called; and proved, that when an opinion is given as to the claims of man, book, or anything else, to our admiration, the inquiry of the hearer should be directed to discover—not what he has been told—but the capability of judging on the part of him who gives the recommendation.

TABLE TALK OF — — —.

Several years ago, the hospitality of a deceased and admirable friend afforded me an opportunity of meeting at his house a gentleman then and subsequently distinguished throughout the enlightened classes of British society, for the great power of his mind, as a general writer, a critic, a man of wit, and a scholar. Soon after I had left the company, which I should state was not large, nor composed altogether of persons merely literary, it occurred to me to attempt making a memorandum, in the manner of James Boswell, of what Mr. — — — had said in the course of the evening. The following is the result of my experiment; and I believe I have executed my task with sufficient fidelity; though, from

what I have observed of the party assembled at the festive board of our host, nothing very brilliant or momentous is to be looked for. The celebrity, however, of —— —, gives value to anything that fell from his lips, or his pen.

1816. The celebrated —— — proved a very well-bred, peculiarly cheerful, and an agreeably loquacious companion; confirming, so far, an opinion I have always entertained, that good breeding is invariably sprightly, and never taciturn. He remarked—that the press of the *Times* newspaper was worked by a steam engine, and threw off eight hundred copies in an hour; whereas formerly two hundred and fifty were as many as could be worked off in that space of time, by the pressman, who was then a person of great importance, and served a regular apprenticeship; while now any one could be taught the pressman's business in a fortnight.

That Lord Erskine was a man of unexampled fire and boldness of character; and that his lordship himself told him (—— —), that one day in court, greatly indignant at the colour given by Judge B——, in his charge, to the case of his (Erskine's) client, he told him aloud that "he was a liar and a scoundrel;" and that B—— heard him distinctly, and hung his head without replying.

That to the immortal honour of the English bench of bishops, they had uniformly and unexceptionably opposed the principle of the slave-trade; and that the question of abolition originated with a prelate; but

that the Royal Family (with the exception of the Duke of Gloucester) had as uniformly opposed the measure.

That Mr. *Leach*, a practitioner at the bar, bid fair to be Lord Chancellor.

That Walter Scott had received, in the compass of one year, seven thousand pounds for his writings, but was greatly embarrassed; having joined in trading speculations with Ballantyne, the printer in Edinburgh, and not succeeded.

That the artists concerned had tried their utmost, but found it impracticable to execute a *quarto* page in stereotype.

That old Jacob Tonson's books were specimens of the finest sort of printing extant; unless he were to except the early books, just after the black-letter printing had ceased.

That in the East Indies, the natives could produce infinitely fine woven work, and that their colours were extremely rich; but that they were so little inventive, that they required to be supplied with patterns for their designs from England.

That, in his opinion, Miss Joanna Baillie's "Plays on the Passions," were ridiculous stuff; and that she was enraged with Jeffries, and the Edinburgh Reviewers, for their censure.

That Samuel Richardson was a very fine writer, without learning of any kind, but of amazing natural powers and knowledge of the human heart: and that he thought *Sir Charles Grandison*, Richardson's best work.

That Lord V. was an extremely stupid and illiterate man, and his book of travels was, even now, not readable; but that originally, as his MS. stood, it was impossible to produce it; so he gave it to a book-maker in London, who fitted it for the press.

That there was a large heavy work on Suicide, by a Mr. M——; but that whoever should read it, would never be a *felo de se*, as he must have sufficient patience to endure all the ills of life.

That he had reason to believe, from all he had read and heard, that the people of the East Indies had not derived the smallest benefit from the introduction of European arts into their country, having borrowed nothing from them.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

Under this head I can, with the strictest veracity, relate an anecdote, which I am inclined to believe is without a parallel in the history of every-day life. More than thirty years ago, I was well acquainted with an elderly gentleman who had been an officer in the British service when young; and in the course of conversation one evening, repeated a remarkable story connected with the recollections of his juvenile times.

I should observe, that our topic happened to be *national character*, and that I said only what I sincerely thought in favour of that of Ireland, of which country my acquaintance, like myself, was a native.

Captain C. said he could illustrate my sentiments, so flattering to Irishmen, by a statement of facts, which, he stipulated, must, nevertheless, not be considered as descriptive of all, or of the majority of Irish people; but of an individual. He then proceeded with his tale, which I shall here lay before my reader as nearly as possible in the veteran's own words.

"I, with two young friends and fellow-countrymen, embarked for Europe at a sea-port in North America, immediately on the termination of the revolutionary war; that is, at the peace of 1783. In due course of time, we three subalterns reached London—sick, dispirited, in faded garments, strangers in the great city, friendless, and well-nigh penniless; and were discharged from the outside of a stage-coach at the door of the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane.

"In addition to our vexations above enumerated, we were strongly inclined to eat a hearty meal, but in doubt if our treasury would defray the cost of it. We forthwith called a council in the coffee-room, and after much debating, ventured to order the waiter to provide us with a full allowance of beef-steaks and potatoes, as the most substantial and most economical mess we could think of. Just as we had finished our debate on ways and means, and issued our directions, a tall, portly, and respectable-looking man advanced towards us, and apologizing for the freedom, desired to know if we were not Irish, and military. We replying accordingly, he

continued, with an air of assumed displeasure, to ask if we could possibly intend to affront him, and hurt his best feelings? I, who was spokesman on the occasion, assured him we had no such design, and that I was at a loss to conceive on what act of ours he had founded his apprehension. He answered, that he could suppose no less from our having, consulting our own confined circumstances, commanded so mean a repast, at the moment when he was within hearing of our conversation, instead of boldly appealing to him for such a supply as, they might have felt sure, would not have been refused by one of their own beloved and common country, to whom the fickle Goddess was more favourable than to them.

“We, as may be imagined, stared and smiled; and while doing so, the courteous stranger directed the servant to produce—not the dish of beef and potatoes, but a sumptuous feast, which he winningly and cordially insisted on our sharing; as he likewise did on our aiding him in drinking sundry bottles of rich foreign wines which he set before our delighted eyes. We sat, and swilled, and quaffed our goblets till late in the night; when he took leave of us with many thanks for the favour our company had conferred on him, and withdrew: as, speedily after, we did, to our several sleeping apartments.

“On assembling next day in the coffee-room, we naturally and kindly inquired of the waiter after the health and welfare of our generous entertainer; and were then informed that the worthy gentleman had



left the house at a very early hour,—and had also been so considerate as to leave us—our shares of the bill to discharge! No language can do justice to our amazement, terror, and mortification. Our united purses would not have paid the twentieth part of the demand to which we were thus perfidiously rendered liable; neither would our portion of the debt have ever been liquidated, but for the accident of one of the fraternity meeting a very wealthy relative, as he rambled along Ludgate Street in despair. To him our calamitous condition was explained, and by his liberality were we rescued from the dilemma in which a consummate villain had involved us, and ultimately all got back to the homes of our kindred.”

This relation is not more true, than the main circumstance is contrary to nature and monstrous; and not only *un-Irish*, but inhuman, and disgraceful to the name of man.

CATILINE.

The greatest imaginable literary, as well as moral, merit may lie in obscurity, while the vilest trash shall, for a season, be brought into strong sun-light beneath the public eye. Witness, Croly's "Catiline," and the mewling absurdities that hourly glare upon us, in what affects to be verse, and sometimes looks like rhyme: and which certain reviewers, and the pitiful scribbler himself, would attempt to impose on the world as poetry!

The "Catiline" of Croly was not, it appears, intended, in its printed form, for the stage; though with judicious alterations, it could, undoubtedly, be rendered the very proudest ornament of British drama.

The preface to the published copy of the tragedy, is in itself an inestimable performance; and the five acts of the piece flame with the radiance of genuine poetry; yet, comparatively, few talk of Croly's "Catiline."

The author, who in his title-page terms the work only a dramatic poem, furnishes, in that same magnificent preface, a picture of Rome worthy of all praise. In speaking of the *Social War*, he very justly calls it the commencement of the fall of the republic; and proceeds: "The revolt of the allies, followed by their admission to the citizenship, shook the whole ancient Roman polity. The senate rapidly degenerated into a feeble oligarchy, and the people into a corrupt faction. War is the passion of all powerful republics; and the perpetual hostilities of Rome had gradually thrown civil distinctions into the shade. But a constitution of unrivalled vigour had held the ambition of her generals in obedience, and, for four hundred years, Rome, while her armies were sweeping the remote world, sat, like the centre of a system of comets, in steadfast splendour, until they all rushed back upon her at once, and perturbed her supremacy for ever. The Italian rebellion, and those of Spartacus and Sertorius, brought battle before her eyes, and rendered her familiar with the

dominion of the sword. Within a single generation she saw the despotisms of Marius, Sylla, and Cinna; and was so harassed and exhausted by the perpetual struggle, that even her foremost and freest-minded citizens, and at their head Cicero, the first of patriots and of men, seemed inclined to take refuge in a king." Thus it is that history should be written! It would be difficult to point out a passage within the bounds of English literature superior to the foregoing, in the attributes of fine writing: the extract includes the happiest language most happily employed; the grandeur of the writer's rich style precisely suiting that of his subject: nor could the greatest of her orators have more forcibly delineated the might and majesty of the Eternal City.—

In the opening scene of the drama, Cethegus gives a description of Catiline's eloquence, abounding in beauties of thought and verse:—

" CETHEGUS. * * * *

You should have seen him in the Campus Martius,
In the tribunal—shaking all the tribes
With mighty speech. His words seem'd oracles,
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn,
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him:
Then some would weep, some shout; some, deeper touch'd,
Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable.
The evening came, yet there the people stood,
As if 't were noon, and they the marble sea,
Sleeping, without a wave. You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke,
But, when he ceased, the shout was like the roar
Of ocean in the storm.

In the first scene of the second act there occurs a passage of infinite splendour, which I select for quotation, not solely on that account, but as it affords a fair specimen of the sublime style by which the whole work is distinguished. Speaking of the sun, the poet says,

“ ——— the clouds have past,
And like some mighty victor he returns
To his red city in the west—that now
Spreads all her gates, and lights her torches up—
In triumph, for her glorious conqueror.”

In the same act, we have a most mind-stirring and magnificent description of Rome in tumult :

“ AURELIA. ——— You hear the people's shouts !
Rome is all uproar. All the magistrates
Have just been summon'd to the Capitol ;
The knights, half-arm'd, are hurrying to the walls ;
The people at the corners stand in groups,
Outlying each his fellow,—full of news,
Visions, strange treasons, fearful prodigies,
Till all grow pale and silent with their fear :
Then rides some courier clattering through the streets,
With his spur buried in his panting horse,
And breaks their trance with his swift-utter'd tale.
You'd think another Hannibal was come,
After another Cannæ.”

In this act also appears the terrible lamentation of Catiline over his son :

“ ——— ——— Here's my hope—
My tree cut down. Why struggle for a name,
That, when I perish, perishes ! Pale boy !
My health, wealth, heart, my life is on thy bier !”

The same act is enriched with an awful picture of a fair country ravaged by the oppressor.

"DUMNORIX. ————— Our fields are desolate,
Loaded with mortgage, and hard usury,
For wine and oil they bear the loathsome weed—
Nightshades and darnels, docks and matted furze.
The plain is now a marsh, breathing blue steams,
That kill the flock; the blossom'd hill a heath;
The valley, and the vineyard, loneliness;
Where the rare traveller sees but mouldering graves,
And hears but brayings of the mountain deer,
That come, unscared, to wanton in the stream."

In the third act, Hamilcar's delineation of the *gems*, is well worthy of the Muse of Dryden; and so is Aspasia's definition of Love, which finishes with such force and fire:

"HAMILCAR. * * * * *
Your halls shall be a pile of gorgeousness;
Tapestry of India; Tyrian canopies;
Heroic bronzes; pictures half divine,
Apelles' pencil; statues, that the Greek
Has wrought to living beauty; amethyst urns,
And onyx, essenced with the Persian rose;
Couches of mother-pearl, and tortoise shell;
Chrystaline mirrors; tables, in which gems
Make the mosaic; cups of argentry,
Thick with immortal sculptures:—all that wealth
Has dazzling, rare, delicious,—or the sword
Of conquerors can master, shall be yours."

* * * * *

"ASPASIA. * * * * *
Oh! I could give you fact and argument,
Brought from all earth—all life—all history;—
* * * * * tell of gentle lives,
Light as the lark's upon the morning cloud,
Struck down, at once, by the keen shaft of Love;
Of hearts, that flow'd like founts of happiness,

Dried into dust by the wild flame of Love ;
Of maiden beauty, wasting all away,
Like a departing vision into air,
Love filling her sweet eyes with midnight tears,
Till death upon its bosom pillow'd her ;
Of noble natures sour'd ; rich minds obscured ;
High hopes turn'd blank ; nay, of the kingly crown
Mouldering amid the embers of the throne ;—
And all by Love. We paint him as a child,—
When he should sit, a giant on his clouds,
The great disturbing spirit of the world !”

Even this is excelled by a view of rural life, in the fifth act ; and equalled in many other parts of this transcendent production. But it is not exaggeration to affirm that *Catiline*, if thoroughly examined, would be esteemed, by good judges, the pride of modern British literature. It will be so hereafter ; yet now—who talks of Croly's *Catiline* ?

Another work by the same hand has always struck me as exhibiting most extraordinary powers ; I mean the “Tales of the Great St. Bernard.” But it may be said of the writer, as Johnson says of Goldsmith on his marble, that there is scarcely any kind of writing which he has not tried, and that whatever he has produced has come forth embellished by the brilliancy of his genius. Already known as the author of “Salathiel,” and many other effusions in prose and verse, and with an established reputation as a poet, a scholar, and a critic, he has, in the “Tales,” without the aid of versification, as has been admitted, increased not only his literary, but his poetical, renown, tenfold.

No one who recollects what the definition of true poetry is, can hesitate to assign a very high place indeed, among efforts in the glorious calling of the poet, to these *Tales*. They abound, especially in the serious portions, in glowing imagery, descriptions the most faithful and vivid, and an adaptation of language to its legitimate purpose, surpassing nearly everything either in prose or verse which these times can show. Extravagant as this assertion may appear to some, I feel convinced that, from the volumes alluded to, I could, without any trouble, save the toil of transcribing, bring forward a thousand instances in support of what I have advanced. But—where beauties are so numerous as, literally, to sparkle in every page, I shall content myself with the above general observations, and refer my reader for proofs to the books themselves.

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES.

BY SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.*

This publication by Sir Jonah Barrington, in two volumes octavo, belongs to the class of autobiography, and is, on that account, entitled to some excuse. Besides, it contains various proofs of talent, much interesting political discussion, anecdotes of eccentric individuals, and many curious miniature likenesses of distinguished public characters. But—it also contains an incalculably greater quantity of downright

* London, 1827.

nonsense, absurdity, and vulgarity than could, perhaps, be found in any other work of its kind in any known language. It is, moreover, carelessly written, and as carelessly printed.

Page 22, vol. i. In making mention of a female relative of his family, his great aunt Elizabeth, Sir J. says, "She contrived besides, a species of defence that I have not seen mentioned in the '*Peccata Hibernia*,' or any of the murderous annals of Ireland." This mistake in the spelling of the word *pacata* may be intentional: it is too gross to be the effect of ignorance, and strongly resembles the author's manner of being *pleasant*.

Page 50. "Attachment of the Irish country people to all *whom* they thought would protect or procure them justice."

A careless or even slovenly style affords no apology for a person, belonging, as Sir J. B. did, to a learned profession, who allows this common, but egregious grammatical blunder, to appear in his page. A well-taught boy of twelve years old would know that *whom* cannot govern the verb *would*. The words "they thought," being in a parenthesis, though not so marked, the sentence should have run—"whom they thought likely to protect," &c.

Page 61. "Some of the most distinguished of my contemporary collegians." This is a perfect specimen of Sir J. B.'s general mode of composition. The gentlemen in question might have been his fellow collegians, or his contemporaries when at the

University, but *his* collegians they could not have been !

Page 79. Sir Jonah here commences a story which continues for several pages, intended as a humorous description of a drunken Irish revel among gentry visiting at his brother's hunting lodge ; and the reader, who pleases, may consult the printed statement. It is a miserable performance,—a mess of gross vulgarity, ungrammatical writing, blundering application of words, outrageous exaggeration of incidents scarcely laughable, and totally inadequate to the production of the merriment averred to have been provoked ; falsehoods, and, which are still more nauseous—half-falsehoods ; a sordid picture of sordid manners, resembling in no one feature the frolics of gentlemen of any nation in any age.

Page 105. “ And bring back the book, and a dead man's bone.” Here the adjective *dead* would appear to be rather superfluous : but the whole story in which the expression occurs is contemptible, and contemptibly related.

Page 137. “ I had the pleasure of meeting her frequently at the Lady-Lieutenant's parties.” There is no such functionary as a Lady-Lieutenant in Ireland, nor any where else. Who ever heard of the Governor and *Governess* of India !

Page 145. “ My reader need not.” This usage may be termed the universal error ; yet, it is an error : *reader* is singular, and should govern the verb in the singular number, *needs*.

Page 152. "When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then* are, but from his own cabin." Admitting this sketch of the Irish peasants to be correct, it proves that they are a people deficient in the quality of common sense. The same fact could not be alleged against the peasantry of any other nation in Europe. Many, indeed, if not most things which are complete elsewhere, are incomplete in Ireland; the cause of which is not poverty, nor want of example, but a savage peculiarity in the national mind. The Irish are satisfied with inferiority: they have a popular maxim,—“Oh, it will do very well.” Of such a sentiment as this, beastliness instead of refinement must be the result.

Sir J. B. mentions two men with whom I had a slight acquaintance; as I had with many others recorded in his strange volumes; but the two here alluded to were, Mr. Thoroton, and Sir John Blaquiére, afterwards Lord de B. The first, Robert Thoroton, an Englishman, was clerk to the Irish House of Commons. The story in circulation of him was, that he consulted surgeon Bowes, a very eminent practitioner, on the state of his debilitated constitution; and on being candidly told by Bowes that he might live, but that he would inevitably be disfigured, he withdrew and shot himself. He was a fair-complexioned, handsome man, in the prime of life.

Sir John Blaquiére was of French descent, and of

a good family. As a public character in Ireland, he was considered rapacious, and of morals not over rigid; but in private circles he was supremely agreeable and courtly in his manners. He had talents for business, spoke and wrote several languages, could draw with skill, and had a just taste in the arts. He was celebrated for temper in debate; and for his *sang froid* and personal courage. Of both of these properties he exhibited proofs, on the occasion of taking his share in a duel. Looking steadily at his antagonist, who was to no purpose pulling at his trigger, Sir John called to him, "Sir, you have neglected to cock your pistol!" This was the fact: the gentleman refused to fire at his cool and courteous opponent, and the affair went no further.

Many of Sir J. Barrington's sentiments are preposterous and badly weighed. For instance, speaking of the Duke of Wellington, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, he says, "He was sent as second in command with Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, to break through the law of nations, and execute the most distinguished piece of treachery that history records." Nothing can be more absurd than the author's opinion on the above-mentioned point.

There is no room to doubt that *all* wars are the result of wickedness and madness united on the part of mankind. But, once involved in the contest, each power must do its utmost to diminish its own share of danger and suffering. Had England not seized the Danish fleet at the period specified, the French,

then in hostility with this country, would indisputably have employed the ships of that fleet, to oppose and embarrass the interests of Great Britain.

Sir J. B. expatiates, with astonishing minuteness of detail, and no small share of self-complacency, on the craft and mystery of Irish duelling. His whole account of duels, and the rules and practices of duellists, is matchless for its ridiculous air of solemnity, for vulgarity of thought and expression, and for foul depravity of taste and morals. Such a blazon of avidity to fight, among tribes of self-styled gentry, savours a little of cowardice, very much of reckless barbarism, and still more of an unsound national mind.

Of the labouring classes of Irish, he says, "They are, since 1800, mostly sunk in the lowest state of want and wretchedness," &c. This is true, and deplorable: but not more true since the commencement of the present century, than for five hundred years before. Let it be supposed that each of these miserable individuals had one hundred pounds sterling *per annum* given to him: the probability is, that in twenty-five years, ninety-nine out of every hundred fathers of families, so endowed, would be re-converted into idlers, beggars, drunkards, and thieves. The people of Ireland want employment and education. Were Ireland possessed solely by *Flemings*, or *Scots*, it would, in half a century, become one of the happiest and most flourishing regions of the civilized world.

A certain Sir Boyle Roche is represented by Sir J. B. as a blundering speaker in parliament, and a constant and unconscious utterer of *bulls*; “and these, on one particular occasion,” adds Sir Jonah, “excited unusual roars of laughter,” &c.

In the first place, it may be remarked, that Sir Boyle was an exceedingly shrewd, worldly man, who (as was suspected at the time) designedly converted himself into a senatorial jester, so as frequently to turn the current of debate; and thereby more than once caused questions, to which he was opposed, to be lost sight of for the moment, if not altogether. Next, it may be as well to intimate that the Court of Dublin *was* much such another as that of King Arthur in *Tom Thumb*, and her Parliament—a farce. In fact, the sort of silliness referred to by Sir J. B. runs through Irish business of every kind; and this, in a great degree, accounts for the low estimation in which Ireland is held—however unjustly—by other better trained, more enlightened, and more fortunate countries. But—transplant the Irishman;—snatch him from the atmosphere of contagion which surrounds him at home; from the “tipsy jollity” which intrudes itself into every class of society in Ireland; from the habit of giving promises without limit or reservation, breaking them without scruple, and treating the violation as a trifle, a pleasantry to be laughed at—instead of being a national practice deserving of all scorn for its meanness, and execrable for the incalculable ills it produces;—hurry him

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away from nights of sottish revelry, and days of nausea and inertness which follow such nights; from the vile waste of the irrevocable and inestimable hours of youth; from scenes of domestic life where profusion reigns, and where indulged vanity is so costly, that gold cannot be found, whereby to stimulate or reward the efforts of intellect, or promote the interest of literature: remove him to the better region of Britain,—and—of what then is not the Irishman capable?

Left on his native soil, there is nothing extravagant in supposing that Swift would have perished in the calling of a country curate, a fabricator of bad sermons, and pun-maker to a parish club: Steele at the head of a tipling society, and possibly in request for writing a clever last speech: Goldsmith, in lieu of winning immortality for his name, and the language he enriched as the sweetest of poets, might, at best, have composed ballads for the shepherd, or, mayhap, have sung them for his bread: *et sic de cæteris*.

Sir J. B. enlarges, with great truth and fairness of encomium, on the talents, as an orator, of Dean Kirwas; but insinuates that he was partly indebted for his sermons to the Huguenot preacher Saurin, styling K. an eloquent *plagiarist*; he should have said *plagiary*, there being no such substantive or word in English as plagiarist. Kirwan was at least not under obligation to others for his *manner* of speaking, which was original, inimitable, and irresistible. I heard him

preach twenty-five or thirty times, and felt, and still feel, convinced that he was one of the most eloquent public speakers that ever lived. Grattan, no incompetent judge, thought so, and observed of him in the House of Commons, that "he had converted the pulpit into the throne of light, and by pleading for public institutions, collected from public sympathy nearly sixty thousand pounds for their support." Such, indeed, was the power of his delivery, that he fascinated his congregations, and constantly rendered them insensible, at the time, to his want of taste, his frequent vulgarity, and his profusion of feeble and superfluous words.

Walter Blake Kirwan was somewhat above the middle stature, slender, or almost meagre, and gracefully formed. His ordinary aspect was little short of fierce; his eyes were grey, and he had what is called a cast in one of them, which, increasing the expression of a face alive with movement, produced a most commanding effect. His congregation, amounting commonly to fifteen hundred persons at the least, invariably paid his talents the great compliment of fixedness and silence, which was profound, unless when interrupted by sighs of intense emotion, or that sort of coughing by which men, who are ashamed of tears, seek to conceal their sensibility, and the sound of which cough, Siddons has been heard to say, was to her the most welcome recompense she could receive in a theatre, from her high-wrought tragic scenes.

He always spoke without notes, and usually for

more than an hour at a time, indulging in exuberant, but unerringly correct and picturesque, action; for which, however, there was room in his orations, as these were mostly appeals to the passions in favour of charitable establishments.

In his articulation, voice, and pauses, which are so important a part of the declaimer's business, it was absolutely impossible to discover a defect. In these essentials of elocution, Richard Sheridan and Canning, and Talma of the Parisian stage, approached him the nearest. But this praise I cannot conscientiously bestow on any other eminent speakers whom I have heard. Even Siddons allowed a sepulchral tone (as it is termed), more or less to pervade all she delivered. Kemble was nasal and unnaturally deliberate in his pronunciation, and would not unfrequently whine dismally. Grattan's utterance was, strange as the remark may appear, too neat and precise, his words not being, as it were, round enough. Burke's delivery was often coarse and shouting. The voice of Fox wanted transition, and now and then changed suddenly from good level intonation, to an alarming kind of squeak. Pitt was, throughout, monotonous, and altogether too thundering, though a faultless pronouncer of English. But Kirwan was rapid without confusion, and never abruptly loud, but for ever audible. When he implored for pity, or related the miseries of suffering poverty, his sentences were conveyed in a murmuring, tremulous, reedy note, inexpressibly melodious and affecting; and when his

object was to awe and elevate the minds of his hearers, he poured out a succession of sounds, that, I feel persuaded, would have produced the intended effect, independently of the force of words.

Of Mr. Norcot, a barrister, Sir Jonah states, that being appointed to an office in Malta, he fled to the Morea, and thence to Constantinople, where he renounced the Cross and became a Mussulman. In fairness, Sir J. B. should have added, that he had been for several years insane. In his air and deportment, he was very gentlemanlike, and had humour, and considerable general talent. He was a corpulent, fair man, with light-coloured hair, and remarkably prominent grey eyes. The prevailing report of his fate is, that being more than suspected by the authorities in Constantinople, of agreeing with some Christian comrades to renounce Mahometanism, he was seized, and cut asunder with saws in the market-place.

Sir Jonah relates a marvellous story of an Irish mower: how, being on the bank of a river, and holding his scythe in his hand, he saw a fish in the water, struck at it with the scythe, and shaved off his own head! The narrator's tale does not possess humour enough to make amends for its extravagance. But scythes are formidably sharp implements. I knew a gentlemen, who, riding home on a summer-night, with wine enough to render him musical and heedless, while singing and *acting* his song, encountered a labourer with his scythe upon his

shoulder. The gentleman's arm met its keen edge ; and was so nearly cut off, that the amputation was completed with a pair of shears, in a cottage into which the sufferer was carried.

Lady Morgan is mentioned as a distinguished modern writer. As a writer of national stories, she has evinced a great variety of talents ; but has scarcely been sufficiently praised for her chief excellence, her Irish idiom. It is perfect ; neither is there anything of the kind nearly so good in any Irish character in the class of novel or drama.

Barrett, Lover, and Bainim have done their work very fairly ; but have, by no means, come so close to truth as Lady M. Miss Edgeworth, with all her brilliant powers, constantly fails on this ground, by mingling low English phrases with her Irish dialect.

Sir J. B. eulogizes a French veteran of the Imperial Guard for his avowed attachment to *Napoléon*, and for refusing Sir J.'s offer of a piece of money, because " he disdained to receive bounty from the enemy of his Emperor." " This incident," writes Sir Jonah, " alone affords a key to all his victories." It does so, most undeniably. *Napoleon* gained his iniquitous object of transforming a whole nation into soldiery, by promising, (and he often kept his promise,) the two rewards most coveted by the reckless rabble of mankind, distinction—and gold. Lured by the bribes of promotion and plunder, the French were ready enough to aid him in all his schemes of hard-hearted ambition, oppression, and tyranny.

Page 425, of vol. ii. Sir J. B. says, respecting the pictures and marbles at the Louvre, "I always was, and still remain to be, decidedly of opinion, that by giving our aid in emptying the Louvre, we authorized not only an act of unfairness to the French, but of impolicy as concerned ourselves." The whole of this observation is ridiculous. The treasures of art were obtained for the French nation by robbery; and France was no more authorized to keep them, than a footpad is, to retain the watch or diamond ring he had despoiled a traveller of on the highway. As to depriving students of the advantage of copying paintings, &c., Sir J. B.'s arguments are little else than childish. Let artists and students seek their subjects in their original places, as heretofore; and let the French rejoice that they are forced, on occasions, to copy from *nature*, not from the labours of others.

Towards the conclusion of the second volume of his most extraordinary work, Sir Jonah B. arraigns Napoleon as an impudent pretender; Colonel Maci-rone and Doctor Marshall as something worse than pretenders; Talleyrand and Fouché as two accomplished villains; and convicts himself of being a rather silly old gentleman.

That Napoleon was, after all, but a clumsy chieftain in war, and a much more clumsy politician, the simple story of his career proves beyond dispute. In his first-named capacity of warrior, he failed literally in *every* attempt which he made. He was beaten out

of Italy, out of Egypt, out of Germany, out of Portugal, out of Spain, out of Russia, out of his (supposed) project of invading Britain, out of Belgium—and, at last, out of France! By his incapability as a diplomatist, he ruined himself ultimately and utterly. Had he possessed political foresight, he would, as he might, have married into the Imperial family of Russia, not as he did, into that of Austria; and so have been protected, instead of being crushed. Or he might, as it is reported, have made terms at Fontainebleau, and been then a greater potentate than Louis XIV. ever was;—but vanity rendered him short-sighted; and he was undone.

For a few years, he cajoled and bullied mankind by his amazing speciousness, and unparalleled impudence: and finally, overreached by a much abler man than himself,—Talleyrand, as well as by Fouché and others,—died a miserable captive; scarcely bewailed by his dependents and former admirers; and derided and detested by the numberless enemies he had made. This is what no other person has yet dared to present to the world—the faithful portrait of him (whom Lord Brougham has compared with, and preferred to—Julius Cæsar,)—the true historical likeness of Napoleon Buonaparte.

DRAMATIC COSTUME.

The above subject has, for half a century, engaged my mind, and still I find myself not quite decided on

the question. At least, any decision to which I may have come, is so totally at variance, not only with the practice of the stage, but with the opinions of many others, as to make me, in some measure, doubtful of the soundness of my own. This, I confess, could I obtain my wish, is in favour of invariably seeing the personages in a drama attired precisely according to the fashion of the times and places with which the dramatic story of a piece is supposed to be identified.

There are, it must be granted, difficulties, and very serious ones, in the way of my proposal. Let the scene, indeed, of the play brought forward, be laid in Athens in the days of Pericles, or Rome in those of Augustus, and the arrangement is easy enough. Ancient statuary will furnish us sufficiently with ideas for the requisite style of dress; the imitation of bare arms and legs is attainable by the aid of the tailor and the haberdasher; and our Athenian warrior, or Roman lady may pass: few of the spectators could criticise such minute deviations as would probably occur. The classic eye of a Porson or a Kemble would be required to detect a false colour in the border of a *toga*, or the omission of the *half-moon* in the buskin of a patrician. Whenever, in fact, the dramatic story refers to the refined or ruder ages of antiquity, every thing may be pretty well managed.

The same is nearly as true, when our imagined scene belongs to old English history;—suppose from the reign of Elizabeth up to that of King John. We all have seen, on tombs and in paint-

ings, the appropriate chain-mail, rapiers, basket-hilted swords, short cloaks, scarlet hose, ruffs, farthingales, feather-fans, high-crowned hats, peaked beards, &c.; and something like these articles, allowing for a few mistakes and anachronisms, may satisfy the ordinary, or even cultivated, spectator. Though, in these respects, strange blunders have been exhibited, and for many a day were patiently endured.

Some yet survive who witnessed the renowned actor, John Kemble, learned and judicious as he was, marching to the fatal field, and fighting the battle of Bosworth, as *King Richard the Third*, arrayed in spotless silk stockings, and long-quartered dancing shoes, adorned with the Rose of York; or rushing forth as mad *Lear*, or the murderous *Macbeth*—with a flowered satin night-gown, which might have been, and possibly was, the lounging-robe of one of Louis XV.'s coxcomb courtiers; and wearing, as *Lear*, a straw crown as large, massive, and elaborately constructed as a bee-hive. I remember the illustrious bard of Erin—the pride of her poets—making me laugh at the account he gave of his amazement and satisfaction on seeing, in the Dublin Theatre Royal, the head of the veteran *Clytus*, surmounted by a helmet of the Fermanagh militia!

These and similar absurdities continued, indeed, till Kean's discernment taught the boards, and the public, a purer lesson. His *Richard*, especially, was in some points better imagined; and Kean fell be-

comingly at Bosworth, with a pair of martial boots and knightly spurs on him.

But now we arrive at the puzzling period, when Dryden, Congreve, Addison, Steele, and Rowe and Gay, wrote for the stage; and the question is—what should be done? Should the performance of any of the old standard plays be resolved on,—of any, for instance, between the times of King William the Third, and the early part of George the Third's reign—and several of these are occasionally revived,—the embarrassment as to costume is formidable. On the one hand, great would be the awkwardness of having before us the chief personages of both sexes, whether in tragedy or comedy, attired in the habits worn by gentlemen and ladies of the days supposed, conversing, quarreling, and making love, in voluminous wigs, roll-up scarlet or black stockings, hoops, lap-pets, and high-heeled shoes! Yet, we know that these very plays were so dressed when first produced, and that the spectators were neither startled nor dissatisfied.

It should likewise be remembered, that the plots of these plays perpetually require that disputes should be indicated, and duels fought; and therefore, that, independently of its being the fashion of the hour, it is necessary for the men to wear swords. Now, supposing Cumberland's fine comedy, "The West Indian," or Moore's domestic tragedy, "The Gamester," brought forward, as I have often seen them, we

must, according to the present order of things, have *Belcour*, and *Lewson*, in the garb of the fashionable young man of the day ; *i. e.* with round hats and trowsers, and with small swords by their sides : a sight to which the gazers' eyes are wholly unaccustomed. But—without their weapons, some indispensable scenes would be lost !

Might it not, at once, be better, or, indeed, highly advantageous, to preserve the exact habits of the times wherein the scenes are laid—by which the objections just surmised, would be removed ; and the spectator would enjoy the additional gratification of seeing how their forefathers and great grandmothers “looked, and moved, and had their being ?” This would also disencumber us of another absurdity which attends the mismanaged business of stage dressing. Every one has seen Bickerstaff's opera of “Love in a Village ;” and must have observed the vast inconsistency which prevails in the dresses worn in the representation.

Rosetta and *Lucinda* appear as two modern, muslin-clad misses ; *Hawthorn*, an old-world sportsman, with the drab-coloured shooting-jacket, leathern leggings, &c. of a Shropshire squire of yesterday, yet admitting himself, boastfully, to be coeval with *Justice Woodcock*, who is habited like nothing that any one has ever seen in real life, and seldom even in pictures ; his wig and coat belonging partly to the days of Queen Anne, and partly to those of George II. *Sir William Meadows* is not nearly so much out of

fashion as the Justice, though ridiculously remote from modernism. And as for *young Meadows*, he is enforced to flash upon *Rosetta*, and the house, at the conclusion of the opera, the facsimile of one of the specimen dandies to be seen in the tailors' and clothiers' windows of 1841.

This will never answer; and, as I have already said, objectionable as in many respects it may be, it would, on the whole, prove more instructive, more exciting, and less ridiculous, that the stage dresses should illustrate the manners, thoughts, and language of the times belonging to the story of the drama, let that relate to what period it may.

EXTREMES IN HUMAN STATURE.

I have, in the course of my life, by accident, seen what may be denominated the two extremes of human formation: Simon Paap, and Monsieur Behin. The first named was two feet four inches; the latter, very nearly eight feet high.

A question might arise as to which of the two suffered most inconvenience, from the peculiarity which distinguished each of them from the ordinary race of men.

The dwarf was a Dutchman; well made, and active; and just twenty-seven years old. He was politely educated; had the manners of a gentleman; and spoke both French and English. He gave me a very rational account of himself; and said that he

was born of the usual size of infants, but was told that his growth stopped just as he attained his third year : his nose appeared to have ceased growing soon after his birth ; it was like that feature in a child of a week old. His shape, in other respects, was good : the head remarkably round, and not much too large for complete proportion.

At the time of his being exhibited in public, I had a conversation with him, which led to his making an observation indicative of good sense. He said that, of course, he regretted not being of the usual dimensions of his species, but had no hesitation in declaring that he thought himself infinitely more fortunate in being of the size to which nature had condemned him, than if he had been of a gigantic height ; and in this he certainly was reasonable. Less of everything, it was obvious, sufficed for his accommodation : he could be easily disguised ; and as easily transported from place to place. And it was reported that he enjoyed both air and exercise, unobserved by passengers, being frequently dressed as a little child, and so led by the hand ; or even carried about, as a baby in arms. Paap wrote for me, with pen and ink, a sentence in English on a slip of paper, signed with his name, and stating that he was born near Haarlem, was in his twenty-eighth year, was *twenty-eight inches* high, and weighed *twenty-seven pounds*. He tendered me one of his top-boots to be measured : it was seven inches in length ; the foot, four inches and a quarter.

Monsieur Behin, a Belgian, and Simon Paap's mighty contrast, was exhibited on the stage of more than one Theatre Royal: he appeared to be about thirty years of age, had a handsome oval face, and was well and proportionably shaped; indeed, better made than most tall men are. He was bulky, as may be concluded, but not fat; his shoulders were broad, but graceful, and he had nothing ungainly in his air or movement. He rushed, like something unearthly, on the stage, and fronting the audience, wearing a white hat and plumes; but immediately after stood bare-headed, and in low-heeled boots; but so standing, caused the performers who surrounded him, to seem like boys and girls. His muscular strength was said to be suited to his amazing height and largeness of bone. Any clumsiness perceptible in his outline, was in the articulation below his knees: his height was exactly *seven feet ten inches* of our measure. But his appearance suggested the reflection that the preference which the dwarf gave to his own dimensions, in comparison with those of so enormous a person as Behin, was judicious.

The giant had no benefit whatsoever from his magnitude, except the income he could raise by showing himself for money; and this he must sacrifice, were he to walk abroad in search of exercise and fresh air. No artifice could disguise *him*; if he travelled, it must be on the outside of a stage-coach, or extended in a waggon; for no horse could carry

him. He could rest on no bed except one made and furnished expressly for his use. His clothing and meals would probably cost twice as much as those of an ordinary man, and ten times as much as would be required by Simon Paap. And as to his bodily strength, in this our day of laws, and civilization, it was so much power thrown away, and of no use at all.

He has, besides, to apprehend an early dissolution : no human structure anything like so large as Behin's, was ever known to last to old age. A dwarf may live as long as others : Jeffery Hudson, a pigmy famous at the period of the Parliament wars, lived to see his sixtieth year ; and the Polish Count, scarcely three feet high, died not long since in Yorkshire, and was at least ninety.

John Taylor, the water-poet, in his life of old Parr, does not allude to his being above the common size. But in fact the tall hardly ever live our appointed threescore years and ten. One exception, however, I may mention before concluding this article, in the person of Colonel Thomas Winsloe ; of whom a gentleman who saw the Colonel about the year 1764, I think, used to say that he was a tall man, and must have shrunk considerably from his original length. The Colonel's story, as he often related it to his visitors early in the reign of George III., in the part of Ireland where he lived and died, was most astonishing. He said he had arrived in Ireland as

a captain of pikemen in Oliver Cromwell's army in the year 1649; more than one hundred and thirteen years before! This wonderful man, who preserved his reason, and most of his senses, to the last, is commemorated in the table of longevity published by Granger, and stated to have died in 1766, in his one hundred and forty-seventh year; being born in the time of King James I., and thus, including the Protectorate, having lived in ten reigns.

THE LIFE OF CELLINI.

The Life of Benvenuto Cellini, written by himself, and translated from the original Tuscan into English, by Dr. Nugent, is a very singular production. Cellini was a madman, endowed with superlative genius; he had great personal courage, but was egregiously vain, and superstitious.

Such of his performances as remain, are considered by the best judges as being matchless for tasteful design, and delicacy of execution. But in his autobiography, he applauds his own works in terms which a modest and judicious writer would be almost ashamed to employ in praise of *another*; and yet Benvenuto has not said too much; his talents were as splendid as his arrogance was excessive. Nothing can be conceived more harassing to Cellini's reader than his prolixity, except his declarations against being prolix! He, moreover, is incessantly proclaim-

ing his love of truth ; but, from the derangement of his mind, he tells innumerable lies, without, however, knowing them to be such. His volumes are not for a lady's library.

SYLVESTER'S DU BARTAS.

My copy of the translation of the "*Divine Weeks*" of Du Bartas, was published in 1611, printed by Humfrey Lowne, London ; it has the engraved title-page, is in the best condition, and would be perfect, but unfortunately wants what, indeed, is very rarely found in any of the copies extant—a folding plate of the Trinity. Hawkins, in his third edition of Walton's "*Complete Angler*," says of Du Bartas :—

"Guillaume de Saluste, Sieur du Bartas, was a poet of great reputation in Walton's time. He wrote in French a poem called '*Divine Weeks and Works*, from whence the passage in the text, and many others cited in this work (Walton's *Angler*), are extracted. This, with his other *delightful* works, was translated into English by Joshua Sylvester. It is hard to say which is worst—the poem, or the translation ; for they are both execrable bombast."

This is the opinion of Sir John Hawkins, Knt. But in the teeth of his censure, I have no scruple in asserting that there are many fine parts, and various proofs of profound learning, in the pages of Du Bartas ; and that the work is one to which Milton is deeply indebted for several portions of his "*Paradise Lost*."

To give only a very minute sample of Sylvester, or rather of Du Bartas: the attentive reader will easily discover, in the following passages, the source of two of Milton's sublime openings;

"Hall, holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born," &c.
Book III. *Par. Lost.*

"Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime,
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl."
Book V. *Par. Lost.*

"Father of light—fountain of learned Art,
Now, now, or never—purge my purest part;
Now quintessence my soul, and now advance,
My care-free powers, in some celestial trance;
That cleansed from passion, thy divine address
May guide me through Heaven's glistening palaces,
Where happily my dear Urania's grace,
And her fair Sisters—I may all embrace."
The Columns, Divine Weeks.

"Arise betimes, while th' opal-coloured Morn
In golden pomp doth May-Day's door adorn."
Babylon, Divine Weeks.

In each instance, Milton has, no doubt, magnified and improved the thought of his predecessor, in a manner worthy of his genius; but still the thought belongs of right to Du Bartas.

SWIFT.

No eminent man's life, unless we except that of Doctor Johnson, has been more laid open to public curiosity, than Swift's. All his biographers have expatiated on his foibles, his peculiarities, and his

infirmities, with at least as much research and as keen a relish, as they have displayed in enlarging on his talents and moral worth.

His kinsman, Deane Swift, and Doctor Delany, and Mrs. Pilkington, Hawkesworth, and even George Faulkner, while they have been, to an extravagant degree indeed, his encomiasts, have not forgotten his faults; and Lord Orrery has scarcely remembered any other elements in his character. Thomas Sheridan has done him most justice, but has been careful to preserve enough of the dark traits in his hero's picture. Johnson has used his utmost exertions to depreciate him as a man and an author; Beddoes, on conjecture, has foully maligned him; and Walter Scott has only to boast of having accumulated all that others had already said of him.

Notwithstanding the pressure thus heaped upon him, Swift still maintains his upright and manly bearing, and justly takes rank among the great. And it should not be forgotten that we have an attestation in his favour from one of the foremost himself on the list of fame: no less a man than Alexander Pope. He knew Swift intimately; and in a letter, *intended* for the public and for after-times, and written on learning that Swift was dangerously ill, says of him—"The world has in it nothing I so much admire; nothing the loss of which I should so much regret, as his genius and his virtues."

To this I will add, that in one of the most brilliant pamphlets that ever issued from the press, and the

work of one of the ablest men of these days, we have a portrait of Swift, which never has been, and never will be, excelled in force of colouring and beauty of outline.

“—— with one great exception. On this gloom, one luminary rose; and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry: her true patriot—her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw, he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic; remedial for the present, warning for the future: he first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she might cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman. His gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts; guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England: as it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years; and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected, are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.”*

Perhaps I should evince less discernment and

* A Sketch of the State of Ireland, Past and Present. London, 1806, third edition.

more worldly wisdom had I abstained from placing anything so resplendent as the above extract in contrast with my own lowly composition ; but—I wish to elevate Swift, not myself, in my reader's esteem. I am, besides, desirous of introducing, by this opportunity, an anecdote of the Dean, hitherto, I believe, unrecorded.

When a boy, and somewhere about the year 1783, I accompanied a near connection of mine to pay a visit to an old lady, whose name, I think, was Rice ; but her maiden name had been Deane. On our walk homewards, my conductor told me that the lady who had received us so graciously was a relation of the famous Doctor Swift, and was generally known among her friends by the singular nick-name of “ Silly b— : ” that in early life she had married imprudently, and, for that reason, been cast off by her family ; and that Swift, hearing of this, resolved, by giving her his countenance, to restore the young lady to favour. He accordingly invited all her former friends to a grand dinner, and the poor forlorn one to meet them ; desiring her to come latest. On her entering the room, the assembled company stared, and bridled, as the phrase is ; but Swift, starting up, met her at the door, took her affectionately by the hand, and said, “ Come, you silly b— ! sit you down by my side ; ” and throughout the day treated her with such tender respect, that universal reconciliation followed ; and all went well with her afterwards.

This, and many more such testimonies of a feeling

heart discoverable in his character, ought, in some measure, to atone for the gross violations of decorum of which Swift's pen was undeniably guilty. But, in fact, his executors and editors should be made answerable for his impurities, rather than the patriotic Dean himself. He had, in common with numberless men of teeming fancies, and overflowing minds, a habit of committing to paper every vagary which the occurrence of the moment suggested. And had those into whose hands his writings fell, possessed a proper sense of what was due to the public, and to the reputation of their illustrious friend, they would have burned his scribblings, instead of surrendering them to the mercies of rapacious booksellers, and a scandal-loving world.

MINUTIÆ LITERARIÆ.

ANDREW MARVELL.

In "Records of my Life," by the late John Taylor, in 2 vols. 8vo., published in 1832; and in the second volume, pages 212, 213, is this passage: "Commodore Thompson was the author of many admired compositions in verse and prose; and he published a correct and valuable edition of the works of Andrew Marvell, proving that the well-known ballad of *Margaret's Ghost* was written by that sturdy and disinterested patriot, and not by Mallet, who usurped the reputation; as also that admirable hymn beginning with

'The glorious firmament on high,'

which Addison has introduced into the *Spectator*, without claiming the merit of writing it, but nevertheless leaving the world to consider it as his composition."

I have before me, while I write this, an edition of the works of Marvell, in two small volumes, published by Mr. Cooke, London, 1726, and can find no such ballad or verses in my copy. Marvell died in 1678.

MR. BRADDON.

By the kindness of a friend, I am in possession of a rather curious volume, which some of my readers may never have seen or heard of: "Braddon's Charge against Bishop Burnet, for attempting, in his 'History of his Own Times,' to make the present and future Ages believe that Arthur, Earl of Essex, in 1683, murdered himself," &c.

My copy, which is in good condition, is a thin octavo volume, dated London, 1725, and belonged to the late learned, able, and accomplished Sir James Mackintosh.

The frontispiece is a folding print, representing the interior of the chamber in the Tower, in which Lord Essex was confined. In the centre are three men in the dress of the times, employed in strangling a fourth: in the foreground is the dead body of the Earl, as laid out to be inspected by the jury; and in a remote corner, his Lordship lying on his

face, and as seen by those who entered the apartment when an outcry first announced his death. On the floor is represented *a knife*, (not a razor,) as the real instrument of his destruction.

Braddon's work is full of party zeal, and has evidently been composed for party purposes, and to cast odium on the English adherents to the Church of Rome; and the style of the writer is perplexed and heavy. Yet, after all, he nearly proves the fact, that Lord Essex *was* murdered by hired assassins, and makes it almost probable that the Duke of York, afterwards King James II. was, at least, privy to the bloody deed.

Inside the cover of my copy of Braddon's book, is a label impressed with the name and arms of Mackintosh: the crest is a cat, salient; the motto—

“Touch not the cat but a glove:”

The word *but* implying *without*; an old-fashioned usage connected with some observations which I have made elsewhere on the subject of Addison's Translation (if he be the author) of the 19th Psalm, and which in substance I shall briefly repeat here. From the verses as printed in the Spectator, it is obvious that the writer did not execute his task from the original; but merely versified the lines which appear in our prayer-book version of the Psalms; and not understanding the sense of the word *but* in the Psalm before him, has utterly mistaken that of the sacred poet.

The translation of the misconceived passage in the book of Common Prayer, stands thus :

" There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them :"—

where the meaning clearly is, that there is no country or region on earth *but what* has heard their proclamation of the Divine power.

Instead of which, the versifier, not aware of the signification of the word *but*, has given us—

*" What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice, nor sound," &c.*

a fatal error, only to be explained, as already said, by concluding that Addison neglected to turn to the Greek or Latin, in composing the lines ; but, enamoured of what he conceived a happy thought, pursued it, and consequently went wrong. His misconception is the more surprising, when it is considered that he might have found, at the end of Barker's Bible, called, by collectors, the *Breeches* Bible, a new edition, printed in 1589, the 19th Psalm, in English rhyme, and the verse in question thus rendered :—

*" There is no language, tongue, or speech
Where their sound is not heard ;
In all the earth and coastes thereof
Their knowledge is confer'd :"*

which, if not poetical, is at least rational.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH DRAMATIC
POETS.

BY GERARD LANGBAINE.*

This well-known work is esteemed, and not without reason, for the great extent of information which it displays on the subject taken in hand by worthy Mr. Langbaine, who says, in a preface to this edition, "My former catalogue of plays has found so kind a reception from the generality of unbiassed judges, that I thought myself obliged by gratitude, as well as promise, to revise it, though it were only to purge it of those *erratas* contracted in the former edition."

The candid reader may lawfully marvel at Langbaine's notion of correctness, and at what could have been the state of his work in its original form, when he is told that this amended edition rejoices in divers aberrations, over and above those which are *acknowledged* in a whole *page of errata*! Among these latter the benevolent student is besought to read, for "oracle," "*Paradise*;" and for "before," "*after*."

Page 17, Mrs. Behn is called Astræa: her name was Aphra. Page 352, "Philip Massinger was born at Salisbury, in the reign of King Charles I. He was sent by his father to the University of Oxford, at eighteen years of age, *viz.* in 1602. He wrote a play in

* Oxford, 1691.

1655, and died in 1669." From which very accurate narration it appears that Philip Massinger, though born in the time of Charles I., was nevertheless eighteen years old in the last year of Queen Elizabeth, and must have been matriculated at Oxford a very considerable time before he came into this breathing world.

According to Langbaine, Tuke is called Sir Samuel T. The dull editor of "Pepys's Memoirs" records the author of "The Adventures of Five Hours" as Sir *George* Tuke.

Langbaine says he does not know of any other plays by Edward Ravenscroft than those he enumerates. Ravenscroft wrote "The Anatomist; or, the Sham Doctor," a comedy in three acts, performed at the New Theatre, Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields. I have the original edition, published 1697.

Of Ben Jonson, Langbaine merely states that he was buried in St. Peter's Church, Westminster, on the west side, near the belfry. But within these few years the poet's grave was accidentally opened, and his skeleton, which was that of a *very short* man, found with the head down and the heels up, perpendicularly placed, as if so interred originally: the published account adds, that on the bones of the feet lay a copy of, I believe, Shakspeare's Sonnets.

It may be made a question whether these were not the remains of some other person? Ben Jonson is not described by his biographers, or contemporaries,

as being dwarfish in his proportions, or under the common size. On the contrary, he was probably an athletic man, for, while serving as a soldier in the Low Country wars, he challenged, fought, and killed one of the enemy's army; and, says the historian, carried off the *spolia opima*. Besides, Langbaine, who was near enough to the time of his death to have heard of the circumstance, is silent as to his supposed whimsical mode of burial.

SHAKSPEARE'S POEMS.

This volume, "A Collection of Poems, &c." was printed for the renowned Bernard Lintott, without date, but probably about 1700, or somewhat later. Lintott is mentioned as a known publisher, by Dunton, in his "Life and Errors;" and Dunton brought out his extraordinary book in 1705.

The work, with the title of "Shakspeare's Poems," was first printed fourteen years after the death of the great poet, whom, by the way, Lintott styles *Mister* William Shakspeare. It may be doubted if Shakspeare did write the sonnets contained in the volume; but some of those who believe them to be Shakspeare's, refer to sonnet 89th, to prove that he was *lame*.

The reverend and learned Mr. Hunter is of opinion that the lameness alluded to in the opening lines is but a poetical fiction: and that, had he been lame, he

could scarcely have been employed as an actor. He might, however, have played the Ghost in his own "Hamlet," yet have had a halt in his gait.

The sense of the lines is equivocal; and each reader must judge for himself:

"SONNET LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence;
Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence."

DR. HENRY'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Henry's unfinished history is, as a book of reference and of wide research, one of great value; especially for the novel and perspicuous arrangement of its matter: the style, too, making no pretensions to elegance, is sufficiently good for the author's purpose.

But, in his chapter on "manners," in the first volume, the writer is guilty of an act beneath the dignity and solemnity expected from a historian, however venial it might be thought in the author of a romance. He cites, not only without apology, but with entire self-satisfaction, throughout the seventh chapter of book i. *the "Poems of Ossian,"* as his authority for the general condition, ordinary domestic habits, &c. of the ancient Britons.

This may be exceedingly patriotic in Dr. Henry, and fraternal towards his fellow countryman, Blair;

but is ludicrous in the eyes of such as have dispassionately examined the subject of the authenticity of that foolish farrago, and learned to deride Macpherson's clumsy and puerile forgery. Blair, in his dissertation, gravely supports the other side of the argument, and not without ingenuity : but an advocate must, at all hazards, do his best for his client !

I recollect, when a young man at College, Oxford, a conversation taking place one evening in our junior common room, between a Scottish gentleman, the avowed champion of the antiquity and authenticity of Ossian's Poems, and an opponent of his opinions. Much dexterity was displayed by both parties ; till at last the anti-genuine orator thought he had his enemy at his mercy, and asked him triumphantly, how it happened that the poems were silent as to the existence of *wolves* in the olden time, unless it was that the inventor forgot to introduce those animals when he was composing his fiction. The Caledonian was ready for him, and replied, that the poems were of a date anterior to the coming of wolves into Scotland.

DOCTOR SHERWEN AND CHATTERTON.

The late learned and amiable Dr. Sherwen, of Bath, left behind him two most curious volumes in MS., expressly written by him to disprove the claims made *for* Chatterton as the author of what are called "Rowley's Poems ;" and his arguments are such as

appeared to me, when favoured with an inspection of his papers, unanswerable. The Doctor's widow liberally presented his valuable MS. to the Bath Literary Institution; but it is greatly to be wished that some spirited publisher could be found to revive this singular subject of inquiry, and undertake to put the volumes to press.

It is impossible to think of frauds, successful or otherwise, in the world of letters, without recalling to memory the name of Thomas Chatterton. Not because he wrote the poems ascribed (by himself), to Rowley the Priest; but because, in the opinion of many, he neither did write, nor could have written, them. Not to mention other eminent men who thought thus, Johnson, who weighed whatever he wrote or spoke on controverted points, said, that if Chatterton had anything to do with these poems, he must have had great help from some other hand. But no hint of the existence of a coadjutor has ever reached the public; and had there been such, it is next to certain that the disclosure of his participation would have been made long ago. Mr. Mathias, so distinguished as the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," and other celebrated productions, totally rejected the notion that Chatterton was the writer of the poems assigned to Rowley, by the unhappy youth, at a time when to have proved them his own would not only have rescued him from famine, but have made his fortune.

It struck Dr. Sherwen, Mr. Mathias, &c, as it

must do any unprejudiced reader, as perfectly absurd to imagine, that Chatterton, towards the close of his brief and calamitous career of life, should, in his own name, write verses, tainted with vulgarity of thought, and marks of ignorance of the ordinary laws of composition; indicating, indeed, little more than the ambitious scribbling of a half-educated boy: yet previously, and when barely *thirteen* years old, assuming the character of a practised poet of former days, sustain that character by the sweetest variety of fanciful conceptions, enrich his pages with the purest melodies of poesy, with every charm that language can give to verse, with a profusion of antique knowledge, deep historical research, accurate acquaintance with the manners, the peculiar religious ceremonies, and the obsolete dialect of ages long gone by; and enlist among the believers in the originality of these (asserted) forgeries, several of the ablest and best informed men of his time!

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

Part II. Canto i. line 571 :—

“ Where e'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet :
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders
Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you ;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it—die.”

Part III. Canto ii. line 173 :—

“ For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game ;
 True as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shined upon.”

These, and a few more passages, seem as if thrown in by Butler to form a happy contrast with the general ribaldry and rubbish of his poem.

Part III. Canto ii. line 503 :—

“ Feel pangs and aches of state times.”

This line proves that the plural *aches*, by us pronounced *aiks*, was, down to Butler's day, a dissyllable, and called *aitches*; and that Kemble was classically correct in reciting the passage in the *Tempest* as he did, resolutely; and as he was censured by the ignorant for doing. He well knew the general purity and beauty of Shakspeare's verse, and that

“ Cramps, *aiks*, rack his bones,”

was not harmony.

Part III. Canto iii. line 243 :—

“ For those that fly may fight again.”

This, as reported, was the defence made by Demosthenes, when accused of having run away in battle;

Ανὴρ ὁ φεύγων πάλιν μαχησεται.

The couplet in *Hudibras*, of which the above is

part, is perpetually confounded by professed *quoters*, with one not in any of Butler's works, but in the published poems of Sir John Mennes, a clerk in the Admiralty, in the time of Charles II.

" He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day," &c.

This may be an instance of accidental resemblance in Mennes and Butler: such petty larceny as has been suspected, was beneath either of the parties; both knew the Greek *dictum*, and may have been influenced by it.

Part III. Canto iii. line 547 :—

" He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still."

This couplet is generally recited, by those who do not comprehend the force of words, and forget that Butler did, as if written

" He that 's *convinced* against his will."

To be "convinced" against one's will, without change of opinion, is the language of absurdity; yet, considerable bets have been won and lost on the subject of this quotation.

THE DYING REBEL.

In the last scene of Act 3rd of Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey says :—

“ ——— O, Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies !”

Abounding, as Shakspeare does, in proofs of his possessing a thorough knowledge of human nature, the above passage might be supposed an instance in point, were it not that the sentiment and words were actually those of the fallen Cardinal. That they are strictly in nature, I am enabled to show by relating a singular scene, to which I was myself witness, on an occasion which presented itself, just at the close of the last century.

The utmost vigilance had been employed by the Irish government to discover, secure, and bring to justice all the leaders in the rebellion of 1798, they being very fairly deemed the most decidedly and perniciously criminal members of the insurgent party. Having due notice and an accurate description of his person, the government emissaries seized a man of the name of H——, when on board of a vessel about to leave the harbour of Dublin, and brought their prisoner to the garrison town of Galway, that he might be there identified; being originally from that part of the country, and known throughout the neighbourhood. He was speedily recognized, and sworn to by many, as a chieftain of much influence and activity at the period of the French invasion, and even had in his pocket, when taken, the commission of a captain in the French army, signed by

the general who commanded the foreign detachments which had landed during the past summer, thrown the nation into confusion, and caused a great loss of life and property.

H——, at whose trial I was present, was brought before the Martial Court, then sitting, found guilty of course, and ordered for immediate execution. He defended himself with energy, and spoke with the eloquence, like which there is no eloquence, of a man *in earnest*, and with a choice of expression which implied that he was not quite uneducated. His defence was unavailing; and his death was directed to take place on what was then called the *Green* at Galway, on the ensuing forenoon. At the proper time the garrison was under arms, the different regiments being drawn up round the gallows, under which, on a sort of platform, the prisoner was standing, as I passed by. The brigade major, who was my acquaintance, was on horseback near the scaffold, when I joined and spoke to him, not thinking it impossible that he might have it in his power to delay the execution for some hours, and so afford the unhappy man a chance,—it was but a chance,—of being respited, if not altogether saved by the interference of persons in authority. But no proposal of the kind could be listened to, and the signal was made to complete the dreadful sentence.

I could not then break through the ranks of the soldiers, preserving a solemn silence, and steadfast as a marble barrier; but was compelled to view the

horrid exhibition, and to hear the poor wretch's parting words. His eyes were bright with the last glimmering of life, and his colour high: and he called loudly to the commanding officer, as he rode by, "Must I suffer?—is there no reprieve?" On being told that he must inevitably and instantly die, he turned and looked at me with a glare which I cannot forget; and, as if addressing me particularly, said, with great emphasis and distinctness, "This is a hard lot! ah! if I had only been half as true to God—as I was to the King, it is not here he'd have let me stand to-day!" He, doubtless, had never heard of Shakspeare or Wolsey; and assuredly was not then thinking of the drama, or of history.

STOICISM.

It would seem that the true character of a Stoic has been greatly misconceived by many, who are, nevertheless, familiar with the name of that sect of philosophers.

A man remarkable among his intimates for tranquillity under those accidents and afflictions to which human life is obnoxious; who should retain his good humour on discovering that his worldly circumstances were in ruins, and that, from the possession of opulence, he was suddenly converted into a pauper; or, if possible, more trying still, should one, steeped to the lips in indigence, all at once become the proprietor of immense wealth; and at



the moment of this reverse, and for years afterwards, exhibit perfect equanimity, and in no one instance speak or act more foolishly than before the change, such persons would undoubtedly get the credit of being Stoics.

The title might, notwithstanding, be most unjustly bestowed; because the question should be, not what vicissitude has been experienced, but what is the physical constitution of the person concerned, and whether he feels acutely or not. Should his sensibility be extreme, and his *sang froid* be complete—the result of a triumph gained by mind over matter, that man, and that man only, is the true Stoic.

But the glorious epithet ought not to be thrown away on those animated clods so often encountered in society, and by courtesy styled men and women, through the want of any other phrase by which to define them. One of these shall feel no more for the fractured limb of a neighbour, than he would for a scratch on his own hand; would tell the afflicted not to be cast down, affliction being the lot of humanity; would as soon, and with equal satisfaction, read’s poems as Moore’s, listen as greedily to *Jim Crow* as to the “Last Rose of Summer,” &c.

There are persons of whom all this is fact; but such are not chartered to walk the Portico, and do not belong to the school of him of Citium. His genuine follower is formed of very different clay, and should possess the nicest power of discriminating between

good and evil, the keenest sense of pleasure and pain, and such self-command as to keep in subjection the expression of his feelings, through veneration for the beauty of virtue, and a consciousness of the debt he owes to proper pride.

The gentle reader is humbly requested to consider the above effusion of what malignity might call common-place and mundungus writing, not as designed for *him*, but to meet some other reader's possible taste, and also to herald a story I once heard on the subject of stoicism, from a member of the gentleman's family, to whom the narrative refers.

It is now nearly a hundred years since Captain D. lived in Dublin; I believe in the respectable rank of an army-agent. His station, character, and polished manners entitled him to admission into the highest class of society. But his worldly circumstances were not good; and this he felt deeply; remembering, besides, that he was lineally descended from a long line of most noble ancestry, he thought himself lower in the social scale than he ought to be: he had also encountered severe reverses of fortune, and had more than the ordinary share of the ills of life. Meditation upon all this gave a strange turn to his very sensitive mind: he resolved to study and practise the precepts of the Stoics, and, in future, not to allow any external accident to affect his deportment, or excite his naturally lively and impetuous temper.

His son, whom he loved to excess, was a young man of great merit: he was serving as a subaltern with his regiment in Flanders, when he fell in a bloody action; and, as the Gazette account, and private letters, stated, covered with wounds; but his body was in vain sought for among the slain. The intelligence of this new calamity, though not his father's first trial, was his greatest, and put his stoicism sorely to the test. He, however, stood the test, calmly pursued his usual avocations; and did not permit his nearest friend to witness, on his part, a tear, a sigh, or even a momentary depression of spirits. What he inwardly endured, can only be conjectured!

About two years after these woful tidings had reached him, and while he was engaged at chess in a coffee-room, a man wrapped in a military cloak walked towards him, and faced him in silence. The old man looked up, and saw—his beloved and lost son! He had been discovered on the field by the enemy, made prisoner of war, and skilfully cured of his hurts. But, knowing that the report of his death had been received and credited by his family, he determined on giving them a joyful surprise; and commenced by presenting himself thus suddenly to his father.

The Stoic was not to be overcome: he instantly recognized the young soldier, eyed him steadily, and calling him by his Christian name, added—"Go home; and as soon as I have finished my game, I

will join you." The poor young fellow, not only not a Stoic, but ignorant of his father's adopted principles, and of the stern laws of the school of Zeno, was, by this unlooked-for reception, "there, where he had garnered up his heart," totally subdued. He left a letter expressive of his disappointment and his anguish, fled from his native roof and city, rejoined his regiment, then in England, and in the following year was killed at the taking of Guadaloupe.

My memory does not serve me as to what I heard of the unhappy parent's fate; but I think it was that at last he shot himself,—not that he might die like a Stoic, but because he could no longer lead the Stoic life; had strayed too far from "the ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace," and was a stranger to that philosophy which teaches humility and resignation.

MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL PEPYS.*

Vol. i. page 6. "It became absolutely necessary to curtail the MS. materially." It is scarcely possible to conceive a more ill-judged and tasteless act on the part of a person employed in editing such a work as Pepys's inimitable and inestimable Diary; of which the *trifles* are the beauties; the lights, by which the

* In 5 vols. second edition; London, 1828.

reader of after times is to view the writer's inmost mind, and the manners of by-gone days. Not one word of the precious original should have been suppressed.

Page 13. "In justice to the Rev. John Smith, (with whom I am not personally acquainted,) it may be added, that he appears to have performed the task allotted to him, of deciphering the short-hand Diary, with diligence and fidelity, and to have spared neither time nor trouble in the undertaking." This is most surprisingly tame and thankless language! The Rev. John Smith has, at least, as great claims to the admiration and gratitude of the British public, for what he has done, as the noble editor.

Vol. i. Diary, page 64, note. "Sir John Greenville, created Earl of Bath, 1661, son of Sir Bevil Grenville, killed at the battle of Newbury." This is unpardonable in the editor and annotator. Sir Bevil Granville was killed at the battle of Lansdown, July 5, 1643. See Clarendon, folio edition, vol. ii. page 2, and vol. iii. page 282, of the octavo edition.

Page 172. "—— but the ways are dusty, and the flies fly up and down, and the rose-bushes are full of leaves, such a time of the year as was never known in this world before here." The editor having, throughout the entire work, omitted to state the *month* in each page, along with the day, and year, the reader is, in consequence, obliged perpetually to

turn back in search of what is often essential. The month in question is January.

Page 183. "This day my wife and Pall went to see my Lady Kingston, her brother's lady." To this the editor has a note: "Balthazer St. Michel is the only brother of Mrs. Pepys, mentioned in the Diary." But it is pretty evident that Pepys means the wife of Pall's brother.

Page 212. "—— Roger Pepys told me how basely things have been carried in parliament by the young men, that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men." It is probable that a parliament of youths would determine on many points less wisely than one consisting of elders. But in a house of representatives of five or six hundred men, each of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, there would be found infinitely more moral worth, than in a senate of sexagenarians. Men grow vicious as they advance in life.

"It is not too much for me now—to keep a coach, but contrarily, that I am almost ashamed to be seen in a hackney.

"To Hackney church. A knight and his lady very civil to me when they came, being Sir George Viner, and his lady rich in jewells, but most in beauty; almost the finest woman that ever I saw. That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty."

It would be no easy matter to find on the part of any one else, so much of laughable vanity and fleshly

propensities as worthy Pepys here exhibits. He assigns special godly motives for going to church !

Page 218. " We seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madam Palmer, which was great content." This is a singular trait of character, and of the age. Pepys, a decorous and *religious* man, and his wife, a woman of virtue, accompanied by *young ladies*, go to the public *theatre*, proverbially licentious, and are gratified by having the honour of sitting near that shameless debauchee, Charles II., and his mistress !

Again, as to moral and religious feeling : in page 266, " The King took the sacrament upon his knees : a sight very well worth seeing."

Page 267. " The King and she (Lady Castlemaine, another mistress,) did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another ; and she, being with child, was said to be heaviest." On which characteristic facts Pepys makes no comment whatever.

Page 287. " But methought it lessened my esteem of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain." As a sneer, this would be admirable ; but, alas ! honest Pepys records this loyal sentiment in pure simplicity !

Page 299. " We saw many trees of the King's a-hewing." This participle is genuine English. The modern usage, countenanced, if not invented, by Southey, &c. "*being* hewed," and so forth, is absurd.

Page 309. " Here I also saw Madam Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's

bastard, a most pretty sparke of about fifteen years old," &c. This and the following page presents a most extraordinary picture of the morals and manners of the times. The newly-married queen of England, the king's mother, who had been queen consort, his Majesty's mistress, his base-born son, his brother, the Duke of York, with his lawful wife—and—the king himself; all perfectly at ease with one another; and, in the presence of many of the nobility, &c. indulging in very vulgar jocularities; and, as Pepys says, "very merry;" and admiration, not censure, of all he witnessed, expressed by the methodical, discreet, decent, and church-going Samuel Pepys!

Page 355. "—— and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudebras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the presbyter knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d." Pepys, in a subsequent page, somewhat relaxes in his censure of *Hudibras*; the poem is, nevertheless, such as, on first reading, he intimates; gross, abstruse, tasteless, and wearisome. The progress of this work towards the ocean of oblivion is amusing. For thirty or forty years after its first appearance, party spirit and an affectation of loyalty kept it alive. After that, *Hudibras* was on every one's shelf for fifty or sixty years more. Then

the literary man talked of it, without having read it ; and now, even the title is unknown to multitudes.

Page 31. " — and that the King's fondness to the little duke do occasion it." Perhaps the vilest feature in the vile character of that vilest of miscreants, Charles II., is his conduct towards the " little duke" of Monmouth. His training him up as a legitimate and royal personage, ultimately sent the wretched duke to the scaffold !

Page 52. " — in our way, saw my Lady Castlemaine, who, I fear, is not so handsome as I have taken her for, and now she begins to decay something. This is my wife's opinion also." That is, his wife *said* so : a fine stroke of character.

Page 126. " — this morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlet ribbon, very neat ; with my cloak lined with velvett, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk wrist canons." The tailor's son breaks out perpetually in Master Pepys. Dressing himself—and curiosity—seem to be his ruling passions.

Page 132. " — the King hath emduked twelve dukes, only to show his power." The editor might have conjectured that the inexplicable word " emduked" was, in the original, *un-duked*.

Page 187. " Mr. Coventry, discoursing this noon about Sir W. Batten, (what a sad fellow he is !) told me how the King told him," &c. This sentence, in parenthesis, as printed, is not creditable to the acumen of the editor. The obvious meaning of the

passage is that, Mr. Coventry discoursed about *what a sad fellow* Sir W. Batten *was*.

Same page. "Opiniastrement." A French word, never naturalized; and which should have been printed in italics.

Page 188. "He tells me above all of the Duke of York, that he is more himself, and more of judgment is at hand in him, in the middle of a desperate service," &c. The Duke of York was indisputably brave, as his naval career proved. He lost the day at the *Boyne* through the inferiority of his troops; and, in fact, gave up his crown from excess of sensibility, excited by the perfidy of those who deserted him in the hour of need.

Page 210. Note. "Edward Cocker, the well-known writing master and arithmetician." Some one wrote an epitaph on Cocker:

"Immortal Cocker—who to dust art gone,
No works can show thee truly—but thine own."

Page 242. "He (Lord Fitzharding) observed also from the Prince, that courage is not what men take it to be, a contempt of death; for says he, how chagrined the Prince was the other day when he thought he should die." "Chagrined" is a strange word to use on such an occasion; time must have diminished its force. As Pepys applies it, it reads to us as if Lord Fitzharding had said that Prince Rupert was *rather incommoded* by dying.

Page 364. "—— and in spite too, ill people would breathe in the faces (out of their windows), at well

people going by." This fact, recorded in 1665, during the great plague, shows human nature in a very amiable point of view.

Page 372. "But he do complain that her nose hath cost him as much work as another's face, and he hath done it finely indeed." This passage refers to a portrait by Hales of P.'s wife, who, judging by the engraving prefixed to this (second) volume, was a stupid, mindless slug, fond of eating, sleeping, &c.

Page 293. "—— which I shall do, and unless my too much addiction to pleasure undo me, *will* be acute enough for any of them." Here Pepys uses *will* for *shall*; as was frequently done by writers before his time: by Shakspeare particularly.

Page 419. "—— the King is going to borrow some money of the city; but I fear it will do him no good, but hurt." This record is made in 1666—the year after the plague; the year in which London was burnt; and in the heat of a disastrous Dutch war. Thus, in the awful moment of his country's calamities and struggles, and, possibly, of her ruin, this licentious and unfeeling villain, Charles II., was thinking of borrowing money from his embarrassed and mourning people, to defray the cost of his debaucheries.

Vol. iii. page 49. "—— they, trusting to St. Fayth's, and the roof of the church falling, broke the arch down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned." This alludes to the great fire in 1666, when the booksellers round St. Paul's, in their alarm, conveyed their stock of curious old books, and books

in quires, to St. Faith's, under the cathedral; but by the accident which Pepys mentions, many works of a rare kind were altogether lost.

Page 79. "—— never more was said of, and feared of, and done against the Papists, than just at this time." The attempt to fix the great fire on the Romanists, was too base and too absurd to gain general credence, even at the time. The insinuation was an act of party virulence to the last degree infamous. Pope has forcibly stigmatized the contemptible inscription on the Monument:

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully—lifts the head, and LIES."

Were it not a disinterested and almost philanthropic deed, I am inclined to believe, as many do, that London was set on fire with the connivance, if not by order, of Charles himself.

Pages 120, 121. "—— and saw 'Macbeth,'—a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable." From this it might almost be conjectured, that the witch-scenes in Macbeth were performed, as they should be, not ludicrously, but with ghastly solemnity: but the passage in the text is equivocal.

Page 141. "—— a play in Italian for the Opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to *have up*." Query, does this expression mean what, in modern usage, is termed "got up?"

Page 151. "I did find the Queene, the Duchesse of York, and another or two, at cards; which I was amazed at to see on a *Sunday*." Here the Puritan breaks out on the part of worthy Master Pepys, who censures the immorality of a card assembly on Sunday; but can admire and bepraise the king's filthy concubines; and allow his own fat, fulsome wife to associate with a peer's mistress!

Page 176. "—— the painting of his new boat, on which shall be my arms." His arms! The arms of Pepys should have been a tailor's goose proper: his crest, a pair of shears; and his motto, borrowed from Cicero's famous quibble, *Tetigi rem acu*.

Page 178. "Received from my brother the news of my mother's dying on Monday." Mr. Pepys's filial sorrow did not last very long. On the 27th of the month, he hears of his parent's death; on the 29th he is busy buying, "Perriwigges, mighty fine indeed;" and on the 30th, he goes to the theatre, that he may laugh at, and criticise a bad play, written by that incomparable old fool, the Duchess of Newcastle.

Page 187. "—— discoursed of the wisdom of dividing the (enemy's) fleet." May not this mean the *breaking of the line*, about the inventor of which man-œuvre, so much dispute has arisen in our time?

Page 209. "—— and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one." All this is wonderfully graphic: one *sees* the forms of Nell

Gwynne, and Pepys, and Lord Crewe; at a distance of more than a hundred and sixty years.

Page 212, note. "Downes mentions this play (Love in a Maze), which was never printed, nor is the author known." There is not any play with this title in *Langbaine*.

Page 228. "But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and hear fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising." A very pretty and natural sketch of a scene at Spring Garden; displaying not only the simplicity of the writer's mind, but that of the age. "Jew's trump" is a corruption of *jaw's trump*; and "*hear fiddles*" should be "*here fiddles*," &c.

Page 241. "—— in discourse he told me that his grandfather, my great grandfather, had £800 per annum in Queene Elizabeth's time, in the very town of Cottenham." Poor Pepys, waxing grand, tries hard to sink the tailor.

Page 257. "He named to me several of the insipid lords that are to command the armies." The epithet, insipid, is exquisitely well applied.

Page 262. "The night the Dutch burned our ships, the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchesse of Monmouth's, and there were all mad in hunting of a poor moth." A hideous trait in the character of this scoundrel king. Nothing so degrading is related of Nero, or Commodus.

Pages 276, 277. "It is said that the King of France do make a sport of us now, and says, that he knows no reason why his cosen the King of England should not be as willing to let him have his kingdom, as that the Dutch should take it from him." To this deplorable condition was England reduced by the vices of the low-minded and utterly despicable Charles; whose RESTORATION should be observed by the authorities, not as a festival, but a day of humiliation. His wrong-headed and despotic father was, compared with him, almost a good sovereign.

"—— Home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions." Here (1667), we have tea—so newly introduced as to be prescribed medicinally.

Pages 278, 288. "Waiting there for the Duke of York, whom they heard was coming." "It is strange how every body do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did," &c. The first quoted of the above passages, exhibits an instance of the vulgar error, by which *whom* is made to govern the verb *was*. It is perpetually discovered in the pages of Sir Walter Scott's works, and in those of better English writers; but, as we see, is not modern. The verb *reflect* is used by Pepys in its pure sense, meaning to *think back upon*: as we apply it, it signifies to censure.

Page 290. "I was glad to hear him talk of them,

which he did very *ingenuously*." Pepys, by this word, as was customary in his day, means *cleverly*: we now say ingeniously.

Page 291. "I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy reading—far from any houses or sight of people—the Bible to him; and we took notice of his wooling knit stockings, of two colours mixed." This is a sweet touch of rural scenery; like a rich bit from the pencil of Watteau.

Page 296. "We do rather herein strive to *greaten* them than lessen them." The verb to *greaten* is authorized by Sir Walter Raleigh, and by Bishop Ken; and though not employed by modern English writers, has equal pretensions with to *lessen*, to which no one would now object.

Page 316. "—— it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew, never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys." It was well for him that Madam P. could not have read this entry in Sam's Diary.

Page 318. "—— there is not an officer in the house almost, but curses him (Charles), for letting them starve; and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread." What a dismal picture of an infamous sovereign and a degraded people; and how unlike the condition of England during the commonwealth!

Page 325. "—— and there saw 'The Merry

Wives of Windsor,' which did not please me at all, in no part of it." An instance of Pepys's taste! Pleased with *no part* of "The Merry Wives," but in raptures with "Sir Martin Marall," a piece sufficiently coarse and beastly to nauseate the frequenter of a night-cellar.

Page 330. "He made me almost ashamed that we of the navy had not in all this time lent any (money to the king); so that I find it necessary I should, and so will speedily do it before any of my fellows begin and lead me to a bigger sum." This happy device on the part of Master Pepys implies a thorough knowledge of human nature, and is perfectly characteristic.

Page 350. "All I observed there is the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business." It is to be hoped that so shameless and insensible a ruffian as Charles II. would not, in these days, be allowed to continue king of a free people for twenty-four hours after his accession.

Page 363. "—— all fell a crying for joy, being all maudlin, and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King." This is an exceedingly pretty record of moral, courtly, and dignified manners.

Page 365. "—— advising the King that he would not concern himself in the evening, or not evening, any man's accounts." "Evening" is from the old and expressive verb—to *even*, now out of use.

Page 386. "And in the same box came by and by, behind me, my Lord Barkeley and his lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat." In this small transaction shines out the whole character of Pepys: a man of much tact, quick decision, low cunning, and keenly and meanly alive to his own interests.

Page 398. "—— fear of nothing but the damned business of the prizes, but I fear my lord will receive a cursed deal of trouble by it." Such a fit of cursing and swearing on paper is queer enough!

Page 406. "—— how the King do all he can in the world to overthrow my Lord Chancellor." Could anything augment the infamy with which the memorandums of the truth-telling Pepys have loaded the character of Charles, it would be his black ingratitude to Lord Clarendon.

Page 417. "—— a story of Doctor Cayus, that built Caius College, that being very old, and living only at that time upon woman's milk, he, while he fed upon the milk of an angry, fretful woman, was so himself; and then being advised to take it of a good-natured, patient woman, he did become so beyond the common temper of his age." This statement may not be quite so absurd as at first it would seem to be; and, if founded on fact, involves a most important physical question. I think it is Colonel Thornton, who, in a work on field sports, says that he tried an experiment as to the influence of *nurse's*

milk on character. He caused the puppy of a fierce mastiff to be suckled by a pointer, and a pointer-whelp by a mastiff. But the young mastiff grew up a timid, crouching dog, and the young pointer so savage that he could not be allowed to go unmuzzled.

Vol. iv. page 38. "—— and I would be glad to have," &c. This appears to be an instance of the use of *would* for *should*. The same usage occurs in a sentence quoted by Johnson, from Locke: "I would be glad to learn," &c.

Page 55. "She (his wife) hath above £150 worth of jewells of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." "Wretch" is here a word of tenderness; Othello, in his fondness, styles Desdemona "excellent wretch."

Page 61. "—— he tells me that the Solicitor-Generall did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England." This record of his own renown is a curious instance of the laughable infirmity of self-conceit, combined with the possession of great talents, which Pepys undoubtedly had.

Page 63. "—— the Lord God make me thankful; and that I may make use of it (the praise he has had), not to pride and vain glory, but that now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it." This concluding sentiment is that of a truly great mind; and more than compensates for all Pepys's vanity, and self-applause.

Page 68. "Up very betimes, and with Jane to

Levetts', there to conclude upon our dinner—anon comes my company, &c." This whole page paints, most vividly, the manners of the day. Pepys fusses about a dinner he is giving: the table laid *the day before*; and on *the* day, he is up "very betimes;" then, the company is cleared out at *five*; after which, Pepys and his wife take an airing! The dinner, however, was what we must suppose would now be called lunch: the supper at eight or nine o'clock was, no doubt, a substantial meal. It may be questioned if there were any such meal as family breakfast in P.'s time.

Page 81. "— being the other day with the Duke of Albemarle to ask his opinion touching his going to sea, the Duchesse overheard, and came in to him, and asked W. Penn how he durst have the confidence to offer to go to sea again, to the endangering the nation, when he knew himself such a coward as he was," &c. The Duchess of Albemarle was a low-bred, termagant slut, and had been Monk's cook-maid before he married her.

Page 82. "Cooper himself says that he did buy it and give £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30." The construction of this sentence is common enough with better writers than Pepys, but is extremely vicious: correctly, it should run thus: "for what he was to have had but £30 for." This, though right, is, indeed, inelegant.

Page 83. "But all concluded that the bane of the Parliament hath been the leaving of the old custom

of the places allowing wages to those that served them in Parliament, by which they chose men that understood their business, and would attend to it." This principle might, however, produce infinite detriment to the country at large. Members paid by those who returned them, would be invariably expected to sustain the exclusive interests of the places they represented: and in this commercial nation, we should then have clothing districts opposing iron districts, and so on. The general good should be the sole object of a member's vote.

Page 90. "To Dumbleby's, and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a recorder." Recorder, says Johnson, is a kind of flute. It is mentioned and described in Dr. Burney's Dictionary of Music; and Hamlet says, Act 3rd, scene 7, "Oh! the recorders. Let me see one." From which it would seem that several of these flutes or pipes were, as now, used at the same time.

Page 113. "I heard Jervas Fulwood preach a very good and civantick sermon." "Civantick:" a strange adjective; not in Blount's Glossographia; and probably made by Pepys, who means that the discourse was city-like, and too refined for rural auditors.

Page 121. "—— to the butteries, and in the cellar find the hand of the child of Hales, 2s." On this passage the editor's note is—"Does this mean—slipped 2s. into the child's hand?" The word *find* may

be the obsolete verb *active*, quoted by Johnson from Shakspeare, as meaning to decorate, or grace :

“ Hugh Capet, also, who usurped the crown,
To *fine* his title with some shows of truth.”

Or, Pepys may mean, gave two shillings to the child, as a *fine* on himself for entering the college cellar ?

Page 161, note. “ Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer.” Jacob Hall is recorded in the old metrical description of the shows at Bartholomew Fair :

“ Poo, poo, poo, poo—says the little penny trumpet :—
And here’s Jacob Hall, who can jump it—jump it.”

Page 181. “ Which, by having two little wheelles fastened to the axle-tree, is said to make it go with half the ease and more, than another cart.” Pepys can blunder : here he means with *twice* the ease : and, page 168, he says that seeing the stones thrown from the top of St. Paul’s, made him *sea-sick*.

Page 191. “ — the King is prevailed with to take it (Lord Ormond’s office) out of his hands ; which people do mightily admire.” To admire is to wonder at ; not, as we now use the word ; which, with modern writers or speakers, signifies to approve of. Shakspeare applies the adjective, as Pepys does the verb : Lady Macbeth upbraids her husband for having thrown the feast into “ most *admired* disorder.”

Page 206. “ — by some advice he hath had with conjurors, which he (the Duke of Buckingham) do affect.” The general mind, in these countries, must be greatly advanced during the last 170 years :

now, no man above the degree of a peasant could even be suspected of such sottish absurdity as Pepys alleges of the Duke of Buckingham.

Page 217. "At noon home to dinner, and so to the office." In reading this Diary, it is impossible not to feel puzzled by a circumstance mentioned by the writer in a hundred places; *viz.* that the dining hour of the times was about twelve o'clock; and consequently that men must then have abstained altogether from wine, and other strong beverage, at their mid-day meal; or have been more or less unfit for business, to which, by Pepys's account, they constantly applied themselves in the afternoon.

Page 223. "—— it vexed me to see Moll Davis in the box over the King's, and my Lady Castlemaine look down upon the King, and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see who it was; but when she saw Moll Davis, she looked like fire: which troubled me." This is singularly vivid pen-painting! The reader is actually present at the polite and moral scene.

Page 233. "—— a farce of several dances; between each act, one." This absurd expression "*between each act*" is not peculiar to the style of old times. Pepys means what only is possible,—*after* each act.

Page 251. "—— who sat (at a play) in my Lady Fox's pew." An odd usage of the word *pew*. Blount has not got it; but in Bailey it is explained as being a seat in church. In his *Lear*, Shakspeare employs

the word equivocally. Perhaps Pepys wishes to describe what would now be termed a *private box*: a seat with sides reaching above the occupier's head.

Page 263. " — fears that all will go to naught." This spelling is correct. The word is usually written *nought*, but erroneously. We use *aught* for anything; therefore naught, that is ne-aught, should be its opposite.

Page 283. "I light of the way, to see a Saxon monument, as they say, of a King." Pepys here gives an account of what is called by the Kentish people—*Kit's Cotty House*; supposed to be a monument over the grave of King Catigern. Many brass celts, ancient spurs, old swords, &c. have been found in digging on the neighbouring downs.

Page 292. " — taught by a Frenchman that did heretofore teach the King, and all the King's children; and the Queene-Mother herself, who do still dance well." This memorandum, under date 1669, seems all confusion. What king did the Frenchman teach?—and if Charles II., what children? He had none who were not illegitimate. And if the dancing-master taught the queen-mother, what must have been his age? The queen-mother had now survived her father, Henry IV. fifty-nine years, he being murdered in 1610. Henrietta was married to Charles I. in 1625, and yet "she do still dance well!"

Page 313. "And so anon we went along through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the

standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us . . . the Park full of coaches ; . . . there were so many hackney coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's." This, and the foregoing pages, are full of delightful touches of truth, nature, and pardonable vanity, not to be imitated by any writer of *fiction* that ever lived, or shall hereafter arise. The scene, too, is such as has many a time been witnessed in the *Park*, one hundred and fifty years after Pepys's date, *green* reins, and *red* ribbons allowed for.

Page 322. In this and the preceding page Pepys has preserved a most extraordinary trait of manners. It seems that he dined, in company with many more, at Lambeth, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that a certain Cornet Bolton, a mimic, "made them all burst" by a burlesque sermon in ridicule of the Scotch presbyterian preachers ; his Grace as much amused as any of his guests by the pitiful exhibition !

Vol. v. Correspondence. At page 56, appears a letter from Pepys to the Duke of York, presenting a nearly matchless specimen of the art of writing unintelligibly. What with his "periods of a mile," and his profligate waste of parentheses, &c. it is next to impossible to collect the drift of the composition. Some of this perplexity of style may belong to the age ; but most of it is to be attributed to the complexion of the author's mind, and his wish to appear clever and refined. The Duke of York, in his reply, writes with much greater clearness.

Page 73. "—— wherein either his Majesty's name, or yours are interested." This short passage is noticed as presenting an erroneous usage, not confined to writers such as Pepys; but frequently in the pages of modern authors of eminence. In grammatical strictness, Pepys should have written "is interested."

Page 77. The comical spelling of a letter from the Duchess of Norfolk to Pepys, does not so decidedly imply incapacity or idleness in her Grace of Norfolk, as it shows how basely the female faculties of the time were neglected. A woman then was not deemed worthy of education: not of even as much as would assist her to "chronicle small beer." To prove what training can effect, let it be remembered that the pens of women have shed lustre on the literature of *our* age, not perceptible in that of past times, nor likely to be outshone by either sex in future.

Page 109. "—— the empire of our narrow speculations, and repent spirits." "Repent" is a quaint word, used by Evelyn; and signifying *creeping*, or lowly. It is neither in Blount, nor Bailey.

Page 260. The letters from Lord Reay and Lord Tarbut, asserting the truth of what is termed "second sight," in Scotland, are mournful instances of human silliness. But, the two lords would have been two fools in any age of the world; and Doctor Hickes, who coincides in opinion with them, is a delicious old blockhead. It is painful to observe the influence of superstition on the mind, among even

the educated classes at the time referred to. The doctrine of "second sight" finds an advocate in Henry, second Earl of Clarendon.

Page 319. "Another thing, indeed, there is, that looks somewhat a mitigation of our present laws, by repealing as much thereof as subjected to DEATH every Romish priest found among us," &c. God be praised, the times have advanced; though by no means as far as they should—and will go—in the glorious and Christian path of liberality! When the members of the church of Rome suffered the infamous and execrable inflictions alluded to, they were generally thought to *deserve* them; and every petty mercy shown them was deemed a favour! The idea of similar brutal persecution would now (1841) be entertained by none but madmen, or idiots.

The foregoing slight remarks, if at all applicable, are as much so to the recently published edition of Pepys's Diary, as to the earliest. But, I repeat it, of that infinitely curious record, not one syllable of the original MS. should have been withheld. It ought not to be forgotten that Pepys poured into the pages of his private register the entire contents of his active and powerful mind, during ten as memorable years as it was ever the lot of any collector of the materials of history to have lived in. Within that brief space, he witnessed three of those stupendous events which constitute the leading features of narrative, and are of paramount importance in a nation's story: the downfall of a mighty common-

wealth, the desolation of a people by pestilence, and the destruction of the greatest capital of Europe by fire.

Pepys was, besides, a man of shrewd discernment, and superior talents ; and assuredly, of an individual such as this, not only every word he wrote, but, if that had been possible, every passing thought, should have been deemed sacred, and the inalienable property of his native soil, and of generations yet to come.

THE END.

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